

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## THROUGH THE EARTH



BY

CLEMENT FEZANDIÉ

YK

“**W**HAT do I think of it? Why, doctor, the whole scheme is impossible from beginning to end, and I am surprised that a scientist like yourself should entertain it a single moment.”

“But, James, you surely cannot understand my plan fully, or you would see that, so far from being impossible, it is most feasible, if I can only secure the necessary capital.”

“Either you must be dreaming, doctor, or else I do not altogether understand you. From what you tell me, I gather that your idea is to open a rapid-transit line between Australia and the United States. You propose to bore a hole through the earth, and then to drop into it baggage, people, and what not, and let them fall to the other side.”

“Yes,” said Dr. Giles, tranquilly; “that is my plan. What objections do you find to it?”

“What objections? Only one—namely, that it is impossible,” said James, conclusively.

“My young friend,” said the doctor, “do you know what the word ‘impossible’ means? It means simply something that has not yet been done. Everything is impossible until some one does it, and then it becomes, on the contrary, astonishingly easy. If we take any other definition for this word, we must admit that there is only one impossibility.”

“And that is?”

“And that is, to know that anything is impossible. But tell me, James, what it is you find difficult in the scheme.”

“Certainly, if you wish it. In the first place, how will you bore through the earth?”

“Just as I should dig a well,” replied the doctor. “But, to expedite matters, I shall be obliged to devise special machinery.”

“And how, pray, will you prevent the walls from caving in?”

“Simply enough. As fast as I dig, I shall have a stout metal tube cast, of the size of my well, and let it down to support the walls.”

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"Well, admitting that you can dig your well down through the solid portion, how will you manage as you approach the center, where the materials are one mass of liquid fire, eh?"

"How do you know the earth is a mass of liquid fire at the center?" inquired the doctor.

"How do I know it? Why, all the great authorities concede the fact."

"Indeed! I was not aware of it. On the contrary, I thought that our most profound thinkers all rejected this theory."

"But in mines the deeper you go, the warmer the temperature becomes."

"True; but the increase varies considerably in different parts of the earth. Moreover, it is also true that the temperature becomes colder as we go higher in the air; but this by no means proves that the cold becomes more intense if we ascend to an infinite height."

"But does not the existence of volcanoes prove that there is a central fire?"

"It proves that there are certain incandescent masses in the interior of the earth, but not that the whole interior is incandescent. In fact, if the earth were liquid at the center, the incandescent matter, or sea of fire, would have tides just as our oceans of water have. Consequently, every active volcano would have each day two high and two low tides, whereas nothing of the sort happens. Indeed, all the manifestations accord more closely with a belief in a solid earth, than one containing a sea of molten matter."

"Well, doctor, granting that you could bore through the center of the earth, even then your scheme seems impossible. For anything dropped into the hole, would merely fall to the center of the earth, and stop there."

"Not a bit of it," retorted the doctor. "You forget that the speed of a falling body constantly increases. The first second of its fall it goes sixteen feet, the next second forty-eight feet, and the third second eighty feet, there being an increase of about thirty-two feet per second at the start. You will therefore see that by the time the body reached the center of the earth it would be going at such a frightful velocity that it could not stop, but would be carried right on past the center, and almost up to the surface on the other side. In fact,

if there were no air in the tube, the laws of physics teach us that the body dropped into the hole here in Australia, would go completely through to the United States."

"Yes, that 's true enough; but when the body reached the United States it would simply fall back again, and keep on falling backward and forward in the tube until it finally came to a complete rest at the center of the earth."

"So it would, if we allowed it to fall back; but you must remember that before it can fall back it must come to a complete stop; and what prevents us from having suitable catches in the tube to hold it fast and prevent its return? If it stopped short of its destination, as it probably would, it could be hauled up the last part of the tube by some electric device."

"Well, even admitting your plan for the baggage, how about the people you would drop through? A man cannot breathe while falling at this frightful speed; and by the time he had fallen his eight thousand miles, and reached the opposite side of the earth, he would find himself—dead, so to speak."

"Not at all. You forget that every man on this earth is continually moving at the rate of about sixty thousand miles an hour, this being the speed at which the earth revolves around the sun, and yet we find means to breathe comfortably."

"Yes, because our air travels with us."

"So it would with my passengers, for I should put them safely in a closed car, with plenty of air stored up for the trip."

"Even so, the air in the tube would greatly retard the passage of the car, so that it would never reach the opposite side of the earth; and, moreover, this air would create such friction as to melt up both the car and its passengers."

"Certainly it would if I left it there; but of course I should take the precaution first to exhaust the tube of air."

"But—"

"My dear friend," interposed the doctor calmly, "you must remember that I have been studying over this problem for the last ten years; you must remember I have carefully considered every detail of the operation, and that there is not a single difficulty which I do not think I can overcome; you must admit that

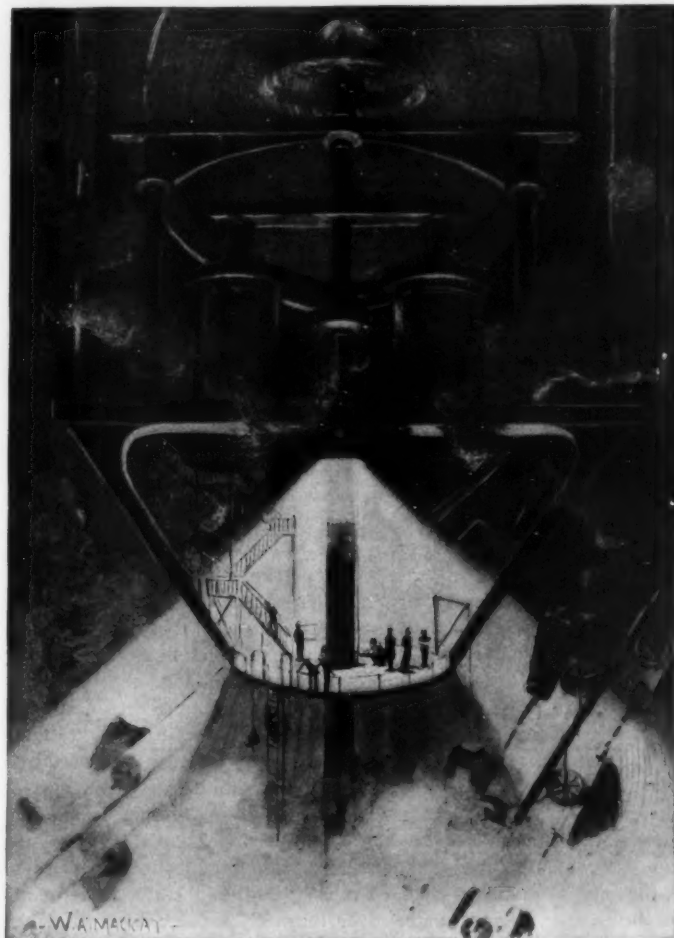
the scheme is not altogether so impossible as it appears to you.

"If I can obtain sufficient capital, we shall before long have this through-the-earth tunnel,—if I may use the term,—and man, who can now in his fastest locomotives travel only a couple

traffic. No, sir; I hope to live to see the whole earth honeycombed by a multitude of these tunnels, destined to facilitate the communication of the different nations. It seems a pity to think that man, although traveling a million and a half miles in space every day, cannot travel even two or three thousand miles on the earth itself in the same time. The only problem of any difficulty that I see is the securing of sufficient capital to carry out the undertaking; but goodness knows that there is no lack of free capital in the world, and our business men are sufficiently enterprising to risk it gladly in a work of this sort."

The conversation was dropped here, but the following morning the whole civilized world was startled by the announcement that its foremost scientist, Dr. Joshua Giles, was planning to construct a railroad through the center of the earth, and that he required five billion dollars for the undertaking.

To the surprise of everybody, the project became popular, and the capital came pouring in; so that in an incredibly short space of time the stupendous sum required for this



"THE GIGANTIC MACHINE DEVISED FOR BORING THROUGH THE EARTH WAS A VERITABLE MASTERPIECE OF INVENTION." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

of hundred miles an hour, will then be able to travel some ten thousand miles in the same time, without noise or jolting. Surely that ought to be some inducement, to say nothing of the cheapness of the transportation, the earth furnishing an inexhaustible motive power for our

strange enterprise was more than subscribed. Of course a large number of the capitalists looked upon their money as entirely lost, and gave merely in the interests of science; but there were many who gave with the confident hope that the enterprise would prove a profitable investment.

As for the doctor, he rubbed his hands gleefully at the thought that before long the products of the United States would reach Australia on the very day of their manufacture, and vice versa. Surely this would be the grandest achievement science had yet witnessed!

The great, and in fact the only, difficulty toward putting the plan in operation was the boring of the hole. Imagine digging a well eight thousand miles deep! It was indeed a perplexing problem; and it had required all the doctor's ingenuity to devise a machine that would do the work expeditiously and well. But Dr. Giles had carefully prepared his plans and patterns beforehand; and as soon as the capital began to come in, he set about having the necessary machinery constructed.

To save time, he commenced operations simultaneously in Australia and New York, so that the digging might proceed in both directions at once. For reasons that will shortly be mentioned, the starting-point on both sides was in the very ocean itself, about two hundred miles from shore.

To make the two holes meet in the center of terrestrial attraction was a problem the difficulty of which none but an engineer can conceive. But special instruments of almost incredible delicacy of operation had been constructed; and so carefully was the work done that the discrepancy came well within the margin of error for which the doctor had made allowance.

As regards the gigantic machine devised for boring through the earth, it was a masterpiece of invention, but so complicated in operation that it is impossible to give more than a general idea of its effects. The device used for excavating the first few hundred miles was somewhat in the style of an immense auger, which, by its rapid revolutions, loosened the earth and transported it automatically to the surface, where, after being carefully scrutinized by a geologist for its mineral wealth, it was dumped into the ocean to form a new island. To the great joy of the capitalists who had invested in the enterprise, it was found that the returns obtained from the sale of the mineral wealth brought up more than covered the daily expenses of the digging, while considerable valuable knowledge

was gained as to the internal structure of the earth. Some idea of the immensity of the work undertaken will be gained from the doctor's calculations that the amount of material to be excavated in each hemisphere was about one tenth of a cubic mile.

It was partly in order to have a convenient dumping-place for all this material that the doctor had commenced his operations in the ocean itself, instead of beginning the work on land; but there were other still more important reasons that decided him in his choice. What these were will be seen later.

The point selected for the operation in the eastern hemisphere was at about  $40^{\circ}$  south latitude and  $110^{\circ}$  longitude east of Greenwich, near the southwestern coast of the Australian continent; while on the American side the point selected was at about  $40^{\circ}$  north latitude and  $70^{\circ}$  longitude west of Greenwich—in other words, not far from the city of New York.

The work was commenced in an immense chamber constructed under water; and to prevent the caving in of the walls of the hole as the digging progressed, a tube of considerable thickness and wonderful strength, made of the new metal carbonite, was used. This metal, discovered—or, more properly speaking, invented—by the doctor, possessed all the qualities necessary for the purpose; for, while obtainable in large quantities and easy to work, it had a strength compared to which the strength of the best steel was virtually nothing.

As it would have been out of the question to cast an eight-thousand-mile tube in a single piece, or, even if cast, to insert it afterward into the hole, some other plan had to be devised for accomplishing the desired result. But Dr. Giles had carefully studied out this part of the work, and by an admirable contrivance he had arranged to cast the tube little by little, immediately over the hole, and let it down as the boring progressed. In this way the top of the tube was always in a state of fusion, although the bottom was perfectly cold. The tube could thus be made of any desired length in a single piece.

As regards the boring-auger previously mentioned, it was so constructed that it continually descended as the hole deepened, so that it was



soon working far below the surface of the earth, the power that caused it to revolve being transmitted from above by means of electrical conductors.

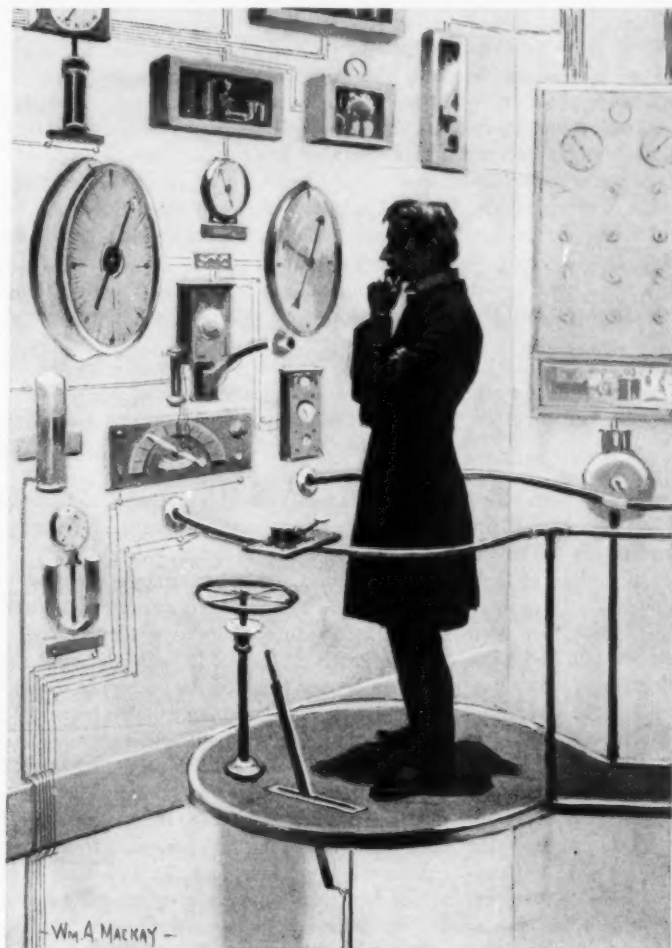
Fastened to the bottom of the carbonite tube was an endless chain of buckets which received

at the top each time the length of the tube was increased.

The work of excavation progressed at an astonishing speed, for the machinery was kept in splendid running order, and was so cunningly devised that any part which broke could at once be replaced by a new one, without its being necessary to stop the machine even for an instant.

The power required for the work had been furnished by the ocean itself, whose tides were "harnessed up" and pressed into service. This was the cheapest motive power that could be obtained, and it was withal efficient, easy to handle, and ample to perform many tasks like the one set it. As before mentioned, this power was converted into electricity and then carried down into the tube along wires to the points where it was required.

As the work advanced the difficulties increased. The greatest obstacle seemed to come from the internal heat of the earth; for in spite of what the doctor had said, the temperature rose with every mile's progress. But, like a prudent general, he had taken



"DR. GILES TOOK UP HIS POST WHERE HE COULD KEEP SHARP WATCH ON THE FLUCTUATIONS OF THE INSTRUMENTS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the loose material thrown up by the auger and emptied it into a second chain of buckets fastened somewhat higher up in the tube; and these emptied into a third chain, and so on until the loose material finally reached the surface of the earth; a new chain of buckets was added

his precautions beforehand for any emergency of the sort that might arise, and had provided his carbonite tube with internal passages through which he forced refrigerating agents of extraordinary power; for he had discovered the long-sought process of accumulating cold. By

means of his patent accumulator there was almost no limit to the degree of cold that might be produced; for a gallon of water passing through the instrument at say  $50^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit, absorbed one degree of heat from the preparation used, and came out of the instrument at a temperature of  $51^{\circ}$ .

This result occurred, whatever the temperature to which the refrigerating mixture were lowered; so that if ten gallons of water were passed through, these would each absorb one degree of heat from the preparation, and leave it therefore ten degrees colder than before. And the greater the amount of water the colder would the preparation become, until an utterly inconceivable degree of cold was produced, the only limit being the point of absolute cold—in other words, the point where there would be a complete absence of all heat. Thus Dr. Giles was able to reduce his preparations to so great a degree of cold that they could be used with great effect as refrigerating agents, and he apprehended no trouble whatever on this score.

Of course, for the doctor's purpose a considerable amount of refrigeration was necessary, not only in the tube itself, but also in the boring-instruments, the friction of which would otherwise have raised the temperature of their metal to so high a point as seriously to have injured the machinery. It had, moreover, been found advisable, for the first few hundred miles of the digging, to use artificial heat at the bottom of the tube to soften the rocks and so facilitate the work of the auger; and the refrigerating agents were therefore doubly necessary to preserve the machinery itself from this heat.

Instruments of the greatest delicacy indicated to those above the earth just how the work was progressing, and what were the conditions at the bottom of the hole, the fluctuations in the currents of electricity showing as plainly as articulate speech the changes that occurred every minute. Dr. Giles watched these currents with the greatest anxiety; and as the well increased in depth, the furrow in the doctor's brow deepened also, and he took up his post where, night and day, he could keep sharp watch on the fluctuations of the instruments. He felt that he was now reaching a

critical period in his experiment, and he proceeded to take certain precautions which to his assistants seemed uncalled for, but which he knew were absolutely necessary. Among other things, he constructed a number of strong submarine habitations at different places in the neighborhood of the tube.

Nor were these precautions superfluous, for on January 17, 19—, at three o'clock in the afternoon, a large volume of smoke and gases of all kinds was ejected from the tube, and this was accompanied by a rumbling and trembling in the earth that was felt for miles around.

For several hours these gases escaped, but finally the pocket that contained them was so far exhausted that the pressure was no longer sufficient to hold back the greater forces underneath; and, with a report like thunder, these gave themselves a vent, and the boring-screw, carried upward by a furious column of lava, was thrown high into the air, whence it fell back into the ocean a considerable distance from the mouth of the tube, accompanied by a seething and hissing of the water most wonderful to behold.

The workmen, warned beforehand, had barely time to take refuge in the submarine houses before the flood of liquid fire was upon them.

"Well, Dr. Giles, what can we do now?" inquired the chief engineer, astonished beyond measure at the turn affairs were taking.

"We can wait, out of harm's way, until the eruption is over," replied the doctor, quietly.

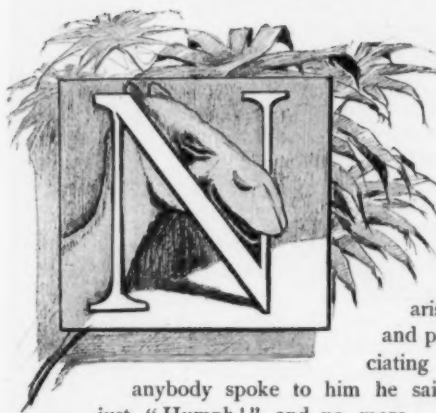
"Indeed! And how long will that be, pray?"

"I know no more than you do," answered the doctor. "I have tried to figure out the probabilities; but there are so many conditions of which we are totally ignorant, that such a calculation is beyond our powers. If the molten mass is in pockets, and the pocket we have struck is a small one, the eruption will be over in short order—perhaps in a few weeks. If, however, we have been unfortunate, it may be years before the eruption ceases. Many volcanoes have had an uninterrupted flow since prehistoric times, and what we have here is simply a new volcano. All we can do is to keep the tube from melting by increasing the cold of the refrigerating agents, and the rest we must leave to time."

*(To be continued.)*

# THE "JUST-SO" STORIES.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.



## II. HOW THE CAMEL GOT HIS HUMP.

OW this is the second tale, and it tells how the camel got his big hump.

In the beginning of years, when the world was so new and all, and the animals were just beginning to work for Man, there was a Camel, and he lived in the middle of a Howling Desert because he did not want to work. So he ate sticks and thorns and tam-

arisk and milkweed and prickles, most 'scruciating idle; and when

anybody spoke to him he said, "Humph!" — just "Humph!" and no more.

Presently the Horse came to him one Monday morning, with a saddle on his back and a bit in his mouth, and said: "Camel, O Camel, come out and trot like the rest of us."

"Humph!" said the Camel; and the Horse went away and told the Man.

Presently the Dog came to him, with a stick in his mouth, and said: "Camel, O Camel, come and fetch and carry like the rest of us."

"Humph!" said the Camel; and the Dog went away and told the Man.

Presently the Ox came to him, with a yoke on his neck, and said: "Camel, O Camel, come and plow like the rest of us."

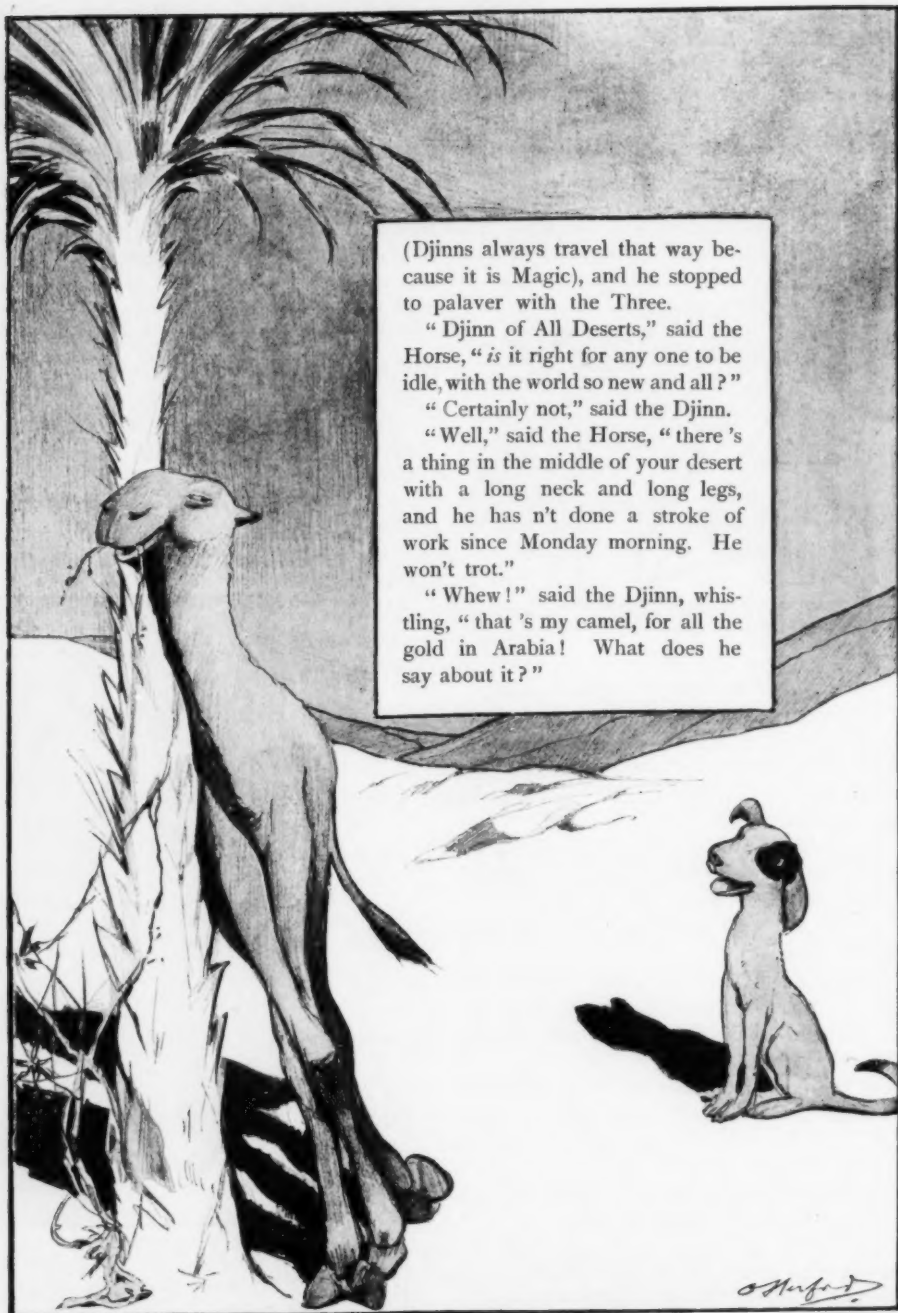
"Humph!" said the Camel; and the Ox went away and told the Man.

At the end of the day the Man called the Horse and the Dog and the Ox together, and said: "Three, O Three, I'm very sorry for you, with the world so new and all; but that Humph-thing in the desert can't work or he would have been here by now, so I am going to leave him alone, and you must work double time to make up for it."

That made the Three very angry, with the world so new and all, and they held a palaver on the edge of the desert; and the Camel came chewing milkweed most 'scruciating idle, and laughed at them. Then he said, "Humph!" and went away again.

Presently there came along the Djinn in charge of All Deserts, rolling in a cloud of dust





(Djinns always travel that way because it is Magic), and he stopped to palaver with the Three.

"Djinn of All Deserts," said the Horse, "*is* it right for any one to be idle, with the world so new and all?"

"Certainly not," said the Djinn.

"Well," said the Horse, "there's a thing in the middle of your desert with a long neck and long legs, and he has n't done a stroke of work since Monday morning. He won't trot."

"Whew!" said the Djinn, whistling, "that's my camel, for all the gold in Arabia! What does he say about it?"

"SO THE CAMEL ATE MILKWEED AND FRICKLES, MOST 'SCRUCIATING IDLE."



"He says 'Humph!'" said the Dog; "and he won't fetch and carry."

"Did he say anything else?"

"Only 'Humph'; and he won't plow," said the Ox.

"Very good," said the Djinn. "I'll humph him if you will kindly wait a minute."

The Djinn rolled himself up in his dust-cloak, and took a bearing across the Desert, and found the Camel most 'scruciatingly idle, looking at his own reflection in a pool of water.

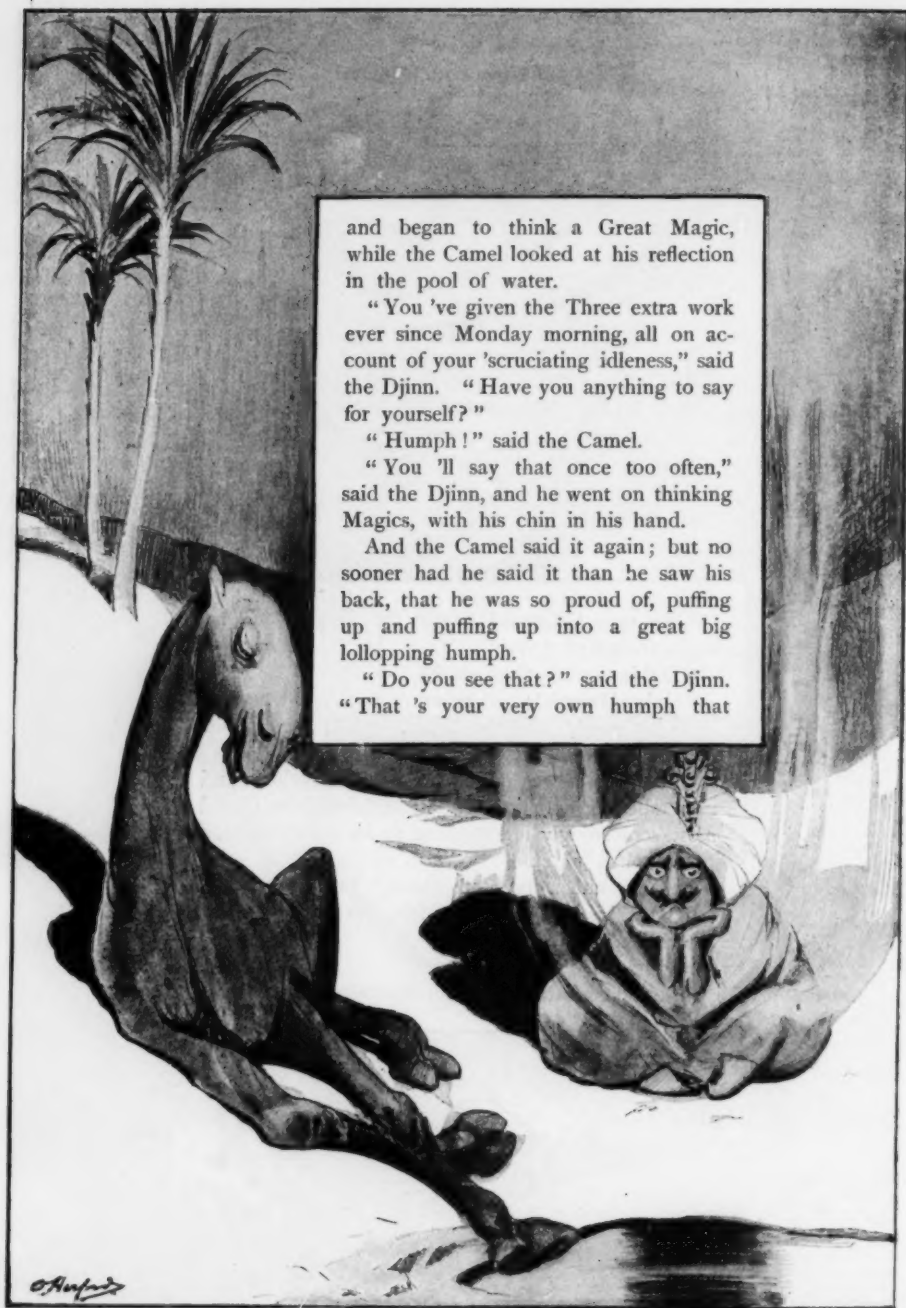
"Come hither, my tall friend," said the Djinn. "What's this I hear of your doing no work, with the world so new and all?"

"Humph!" said the Camel.

The Djinn sat down, with his chin in his hand,

"THERE CAME ALONG THE DJINN IN CHARGE OF ALL DESERTS, ROLLING IN A CLOUD OF DUST."





and began to think a Great Magic, while the Camel looked at his reflection in the pool of water.

"You've given the Three extra work ever since Monday morning, all on account of your 'scruciating idleness," said the Djinn. "Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"Humph!" said the Camel.

"You'll say that once too often," said the Djinn, and he went on thinking Magics, with his chin in his hand.

And the Camel said it again; but no sooner had he said it than he saw his back, that he was so proud of, puffing up and puffing up into a great big lolloping hump.

"Do you see that?" said the Djinn. "That's your very own hump that

"THE DJINN BEGAN TO THINK A GREAT MAGIC."



you 've brought upon your very own self by not working. To-day is Thursday, and you 've done no work since Monday, when the work began. Now you are going to work."

"How can I," said the Camel, "with this hump on my back?"

"That 's made a-purpose," said the Djinn, "all because you missed those three days. You will be able to work now for three days without eating, because you can live on your hump; and don't you ever say

I never did anything for you. Come out of the desert and go to the Three, and behave. Humph yourself!"

And the Camel humphed himself, humph and all, and went away to join the Three. And from that day to this the Camel always wears a hump (they call it "hump" now, not to hurt his feelings); but he has never yet caught up with the three days that he missed at the beginning of the world, and he has never yet learned to behave.

"THAT 'S YOUR VERY OWN HUMPH," SAID THE DJINN."

## A BIRD'S STOREHOUSE; OR THE CARPENTER-BIRD.

BY FRED. A. OBER.

HE is a handsome bird, and if there were not so many of his species he would attract a great deal of attention. He has a bright red head, black-and-white body, and a needle-pointed tail. The tail supports him in a perpendicular position on the side of a tree, while he is hammering, or rather chiseling, a hole in its bark.

Now, all woodpeckers, having sharp-pointed beaks and very strong muscles in their necks and heads, can drive a deep hole into the side of a tree or stump; but this California woodpecker is said to surpass them all as a hole-digger; and he not only digs the hole, but he fills it up with a nut or an acorn.

This is the strangest part of his performance; for while a great many other birds have the hole-digging instinct, there are very few of them that possess the hole-filling instinct. The blue jays and the squirrels have a habit of accumulating supplies in the shape of nuts and acorns, and you may see them, almost any day in autumn, snatching the acorns from twigs and branches. The same instinct prompts this woodpecker to lay in his stores of acorns. Some people say, however, that he never resorts to these supplies again, but just lays them up without a thought as to the future at all. But this is not the way with Nature. She does not work blindly, but always with some wise purpose in view.

At any rate, this bird can drill a hole in the very hardest wood, and at this business he is employed almost all the time. The holes are usually made in rows, at regular distances apart, each about the size of an acorn. He is never discouraged, and never gives up a task, even though it may seem most formidable. He has been known to surround a giant redwood-tree, over twenty feet in circumference, with rings of holes one above another, from the root

to the topmost limb, for over two hundred feet. I say "he" did it, but I mean, of course, generation after generation of them, for many, many years.

After he has got the hole or holes to his liking, he flies off to the nearest oak-tree and secures an acorn, which he brings to the storehouse tree and places in the little "safety-deposit" he has made for it. It fits exactly, and so, inserting it sharp end first, he hits it repeatedly with his beak and drives it in to stay till needed.

So long as the woodpecker confines his harvesting to the acorns, no one except the Indians, who frequently store them up for winter food, will have anything to say. But this he does not do. It is said that he likes nuts as well, and a story is told of a family of woodpeckers that completely stripped a small grove of almond-trees. The owner of the grove thought he must have a good crop, and when the time came to gather it he went to do so, and lo, there was not a nut on any tree!

But one of his boys, in foraging about, found an immense old oak which was partly decayed, and riddled with holes from top to bottom. And in each hole was an almond! So the tree was cut down, and the man secured several bushels of almonds, after all; but the woodpeckers scolded him loudly.

Down in Mexico there lives a similar woodpecker, who stores his nuts and acorns in the hollow stalks of the yuccas and magueys. These hollow stalks are separated by joints into several cavities, and the sagacious bird has somehow found this out, and bores a hole at the upper end of each joint, and another at the lower, through which to extract the acorns when wanted. Then it fills up the stalks solidly, and leaves its stores there until needed, safe from the depredations



THE WOODPECKERS' STOREHOUSE.

of any other thievish bird or four-footed animal.

The first place in which this curious habit was observed was on a hill in the midst of a desert. The hill was covered with yuccas and magueys, but the nearest oak trees were thirty miles away; and so, it was calculated, these industrious birds had to make a flight of sixty miles for each acorn stowed thus in the stalks!

An observer of birds remarks: "There are several strange features to be noticed in these facts: the provident instinct which prompts this bird to lay by stores of provisions for the winter; the great distance traversed to collect a kind of food so unusual for its race; and its seeking, in a place so remote from its natural abode, a storehouse so remarkable."

Can instinct alone teach, or have experience and reason taught, these birds that, far better than the bark of trees or crevices in rocks, or any other hiding-place, are these hidden cavities they make for themselves within the hollow stems of distant plants?

This we cannot answer. But we do know that one of the most remarkable birds in our country is this California woodpecker, and that he is well entitled to his Mexican name of *El Carpintero* — the Carpenter-Bird.



"ST. NICHOLAS CRIED, 'I HEARD YOUR VOW; AND LADY LORRAINE SHALL BE MY BRIDE, NOW!'" (SEE PAGE 195.)



## THE LAY OF THE LADY LORRAINE.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

THE Lady Lorraine was sweet and fair;

The Lady Lorraine was young;  
She had wonderful eyes and glorious hair,  
And a voice of a cadence rich and rare;  
Oh, she was a lady beyond compare —

By all were her praises sung,  
Till valley and plain  
Took up the refrain,  
And rang with the praise of the Lady Lorraine.

And besides all charms of form and face,  
There were other attractions about Her Grace;

Besides her delicate, lily-white hands,  
She had rolling acres and broad, rich lands;  
Besides her patrician coat of arms,  
She had far-reaching forests and fertile farms;  
And of many an ancient and wide domain  
The beautiful lady was châtelaine.

So of course at her door  
There were suitors galore;  
They came by the dozen, and came by the score.

They came in droves, and they came in hordes,  
Titled nobility,—princes, lords,  
Dukes and marquises, viscounts and peers,  
Ambassadors, marshals, grandees, grenadiers,  
Barons and baronets, earls and esquires,  
Illustrious sons of illustrious sires:

But 't was ever in vain  
They sought to attain  
The heart and the hand of the Lady Lorraine.

And day after day  
They turned sadly away;  
For the Lady Lorraine continued to say,  
Decidedly, certainly, stubbornly, "Nay!"  
She cared not for wreaths of laurel or bay,

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Their titles or rent-rolls or uniforms gay,  
Their medals or ribbons or gaudy display,  
Their splendid equipment, demeanor, or bearing;

She observed not their manners, nor what they were wearing;  
Their marvelous exploits for her had no charms:

Their prowess in tourney, their valor at arms;  
Their wondrous achievements of brawn or of brain,—

All, all were as naught to the Lady Lorraine.

To each suitor she 'd say, with her hand on her heart,  
"Sir, I ask of you only that you will depart."

In vain they entreated, they begged and they plead,

They coaxed and besought, and they sullenly said

That she was hard-hearted, unfeeling, and cruel.

They challenged each other to many a duel;  
They scowled and they scolded, they sulked and they sighed,

But they could not win Lady Lorraine for a bride.

Now the reason for this, as you may have divined,

Was because in her maidenly heart was enshrined

The image of one who was just to her mind:  
Who was loving and kind,

To whose faults she was blind,—  
The lord of her heart, and the love of her life,  
To whom she had promised to be a fond wife.  
Her Highness was happy, for even now he  
Was hastening to her across the blue sea.

He had written to say he was then on the way,  
And would greet his fair lady on Christmas day.

\* \* \* \* \*

'T was Christmas eve. In the old oak hall  
Preparations were made for the Christmas ball.

Gay garlands were hung from ceiling and wall;

The Yule log was laid, the tables arrayed,  
And the Lady Lorraine and her whole cavalcade,

From the pompous old steward to the scullery-maid,

Were all in a fluster,  
Excitement and bluster,  
And everything shone with a marvelous luster.

Such savory viands the larders presented;  
Such wondrous confections the bakers invented;

Such pasties and cates of eccentric design;  
Such sparkling decanters of rarest old wine;  
And ready at hand was the great wassail-bowl,

And the jolly old boar's head, with lemon,  
so droll.

The nook for musicians was carefully planned,

And carols and glees would be played by the band.

At last all was ready. The workmen were done;

And awaiting the jollity, mirth and frivolity,  
The games and the dancing, the feasting and fun,

The old hall was empty,—save only for one—

The Lady Lorraine, who surveyed it with pride,

And said, "It is worthy of Lord Cecil's bride!"

Then a bright smile illumined her happy young face,

Her roguish eyes twinkled, and gaily Her Grace

Crossed the old polished floor with a step light and quick,  
And her high slipper-heels went clickety-click.  
She looked cautiously round,—she was all by herself;

Like a mischievous elf,

She took from a shelf

A mistletoe spray with its berries like pearls;  
Then tossing her head and shaking her curls,  
In a manner half daring and yet half afraid,  
The madcap maid, with a smile that betrayed  
Expectant thoughts of her lover dear,  
Fastened the spray to the chandelier.

Then in a merry, fanciful mood,  
Inspired by the time and the solitude,

The Lady Lorraine,

In whimsical vein,

Said, "On Christmas eve, 'neath this mistletoe bough,

I'll solemnly make an immutable vow."

With a glance at the portraits that hung on the wall,

She said, "I adjure ye to witness, all:

I vow by the names that I've long revered,—

By my great-great-grandfather's great gray beard,

By my father's sword, by my uncle's hat,

By my spinster aunt's Angora cat,

By my ancient grandame's buckled shoes,

By my uncle Gregory's marvelous brews,

By Sir Sydney's wig,

And his ruff so big,—

Indeed, by his whole preposterous rig,—

By the scutcheon and crest, and all the rest

Of the signs of my house, I vow this vow:

That whoever beneath this mistletoe bough

Shall first kiss me, he—none but he—

My partner for life shall henceforth be."

She had scarcely ceased when she heard a sound.

She looked around,

And, startled, found

From the old oak chimney-place it came.

For there, as if in an old oak frame,

A figure quaint, yet familiar too,

Met her astonished, bewildered view.

Of aspect merry, yet something weird,

With kind blue eyes and a long white beard,

Fur-trimmed cloak, and a peaked cap,  
Rosy cheeks,—a jolly old chap;  
And, though surprised, she recognized  
St. Nicholas, dear to her childhood days,  
And she met his smile with a welcome gaze.

The jolly old man beheld Her Grace,  
With her laughing eyes and her winsome face;

He could n't resist her,—

Indeed, who could?—

And he heartily kissed her

Where she stood!

And exultingly cried, "I heard your vow;  
And Lady Lorraine shall be *my* bride, now!"

The lady trembled, as in a daze;  
With a startled gaze of blank amaze,  
She looked at the figure who stood by her  
side  
And audaciously claimed her for his bride.

Then she bowed her head,

And the color fled

From the cheeks that his kiss had flushed  
rosy red.

Her heart was filled with a sad despair  
As she thought of her lover, Lord Cecil  
Clare,

And his dire dismay

When on Christmas day

He should ride up gaily in brave array,  
And find his sweetheart stolen away.

But the honor and pride of her race were  
at stake;

And for conscience' sake

She dared not break

Her solemn vow, though her heart might  
ache.

To be true to her word, her sire had taught  
her,

And she was a loyal, obedient daughter.

She appealed to the portraits of squires and  
dames,

Who looked sternly down from their gilded  
frames;

But they seemed to say, "There must ne'er  
be broken

A promise or vow a Lorraine has spoken."

With stifled sighs, and with tears in her eyes,  
Though she tried to assume a cheerful guise,  
She turned to the suitor who stood apart,  
Awaiting the gift of her hand and heart;  
And she said with a gentle, dignified air:

"My heart belongs to Lord Cecil Clare;

But my fatal vow,

Though I rue it now,

I dare not break. So, at your command,

I fulfil it! On you I bestow my hand."

"O noble lady!" her suitor cried,

"'T was only a merry test I tried.

Full well I knew

That your heart was true."

Behold your lover, my bonny bride!

I assumed this guise for a Christmas joke."

And as he spoke,

He threw off his cloak,

He flung to the floor his peaked hood,

And a gallant knight before her stood!

He doffed his wig and his long white beard;

All signs of St. Nicholas disappeared;

And smiling there, in the firelight's glare,

Was the gay and noble Lord Cecil Clare!

The lady marveled—a glad surprise

Betokened itself in her lovely eyes;

And with her merriment quite restored,

She said, "You are welcome home, my lord;

And I'm thankful, now,

That I kept my vow."

Lord Cecil raised her hand to his lips,

And gallantly kissed her finger-tips;

While the squires and dames

Looked down from their frames,

And "Bless you, my children!" they seemed  
to say.

Then the band appeared, and began to play;

The guests arrived, and without delay

The fun commenced, and the old oak hall

Never had known such a Christmas ball!

The feast was spread,

And the dance was led

By the knight and the lady, and every one  
said,

With a shout that rent the midnight air,

"Long live Lord Cecil and Lady Clare!"

# Reasoning out a Metropolis.



The Sky-line in 1870.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.



THE people of New York, Brooklyn, Staten Island, and certain near-by northern towns resolved to join themselves together into one city, which is now the Greater New York. It embraces

three hundred and forty-one square miles of territory, and includes a population of nearly three million four hundred thousand.

Besides these, at least another million people dwell on the New Jersey side of the Hudson River, quite as near and as closely identified with the great city on Manhattan Island as are those of the northern and eastern suburbs. This makes a population of nearly four and a half millions which may be said to belong to New York, making it not only by far the largest center of human life and interests in America, but, excepting only London, the most populous spot on the globe.

How has it happened that this vast city has grown up where it stands? Why did not the American metropolis arise somewhere else? Is its position all an accident, or does history show sound reasons for its situation?

The earliest settlement here was merely a trading-station that gradually became a small seaport, like a dozen others along the coast. Before the year 1700 these were so nearly alike

that he would have been a wise prophet who truly foretold which would thrive. Indeed, many men of that day firmly believed that Newport and Annapolis were to be the two great American seaports.

Great cities arise at the points where the greatest number of people find it convenient to meet at first for business, and later for pleasure. You cannot force a city to grow in an unnatural or unsuitable situation; and it is no easier to prevent a city from growing in its proper place. But the conditions that change a village into a big town, and expand the town into a city or metropolis, are not the same in different parts of the globe, and vary with the march of the centuries; so that now many an ancient world-market, like Nineveh or Memphis, has totally disappeared; while towns like Berlin have lately increased with amazing rapidity, after a long history as small and insignificant places. As for New York, it has never halted nor gone backward for a moment since it was fairly started on its career in 1623.

Let us see how matters stood when people began to write "1800" at the top of their letters. Montreal and Quebec were then large towns, but making no progress; nothing had come of the expected cities along the coast of Maine; old Salem had been outstripped by Boston, which already numbered 30,000 citizens; Newport, New London, and New Haven were still disappointingly small and sleepy; New York, which had borne the brunt of the Revolutionary war, included only some 60,000



### Sky-line to-day

inhabitants; while Philadelphia, unharmed by the war, was flourishing, and led the list with a population numbering over 81,000. Farther south, Baltimore, with about 27,000 people; Charleston, with 20,000; and New Orleans (then in French territory), with 10,000, were the only coast towns worth mentioning. Civilization had scarcely found its way across the Alleghanies, Chicago did not exist, and Oswego, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburg and Cincinnati, were mere frontier villages or Indian trading-posts. New England and eastern Pennsylvania and Maryland were dotted with villages, but the largest inland towns were those of northern New Jersey and the valley of the Hudson, where Newburg, Kingston, and Albany took the lead of all.

Let us see what happened during the next thirty years.

As soon as peace and a firm, united government were gained by the war for independence, we Americans began to think about finding out and making use of the wealth of our new country, first by setting as many persons as possible to clearing away the forests and planting fields; and great numbers from the older States, and from Europe, moved west, and received from the government tracts of land, for which the only pay asked was a promise to stay and cultivate them.

But it was plain that there was no use in farming, no matter how cheap and fertile the soil, nor in cutting timber or digging minerals, no matter how accessible and abundant, unless the pioneers had some way to send the grain they grew or their timber or minerals to market. Roads were therefore of the first importance. Nobody but a hunter or an explorer could travel into the heavily wooded interior, except

along some navigable river, and at first only the valleys of these rivers were cultivated. Next, a few roads were laid out connecting the coast and riverside towns; but none penetrated inland very far, and these were mostly mere tracks for pack-horses. All frontier goods were carried by horses until almost the beginning of this century—as they are yet in remote parts of the far West. This method is exceedingly expensive. It cost, for instance, \$249 a ton, or about twelve and a half cents a pound, to carry merchandise by pack-horses from Philadelphia to Erie in 1784; and when, in 1789, the first wagon-road was opened over the Pennsylvania mountains, the cost of freightage was three dollars a ton for that part alone—about 140 miles. It was not until 1804 that the first through line of stages was established from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, making the trip in seven days.

These things show how gradual, but how sure, was the advance of civilization westward.

More and more young men and young families were pushing toward the new western country from the coast States; and every year a larger and larger host of immigrants came from Europe, until in 1830 the number reached 12,000 a year. Most of these foreigners landed at New York. This was due to several causes.

The merchants of New York sent to the continent of Europe more ships than the merchants of other cities, who traded mainly with Great Britain, so that this city was better known throughout Europe, and her vessels were the handiest for emigrants from France, Germany, and Holland. Agents of the New York merchants and of the government who were seeking and encouraging immigration, could show that this port was the most advantageous landing-place



for a man who was going on West; and the sea-captains explained that it was the safest and quickest port to make, because the course lay south of the stormy, foggy region north of Cape Cod, and the city was much closer to the open sea than either Philadelphia or Baltimore. At any rate, immigration increased in favor of New York as time went on; and the stream of incoming people swelled until in the decade from 1884 to 1894 it amounted to about half a million of immigrants a year, 590,666 arriving in 1890 alone, not counting those from Canada and Mexico.

Now, the greater part of these foreigners hastened westward by the quickest and cheapest road, which in early times was up the Hudson and Mohawk, and so out to the Lakes at Buffalo, where they could take a steamboat for the remainder of the journey. That this traffic contributed to the growth of the city appeared in the Census Reports of 1830, which showed that New York, overtaking and passing Philadelphia, had then risen to first rank in population. The score stood thus:

	1800	1810	1820	1830
Philadelphia . . .	81,009	111,210	137,097	188,961
New York . . . . .	60,489	96,373	123,706	203,007

How could New York double its population in fifteen years, and beat its great rival, Philadelphia, when the latter was surrounded by a far wider belt of rich farms and populous towns?

It was due primarily to the fact that Robert Fulton brought here his steamboat, and that New York men knew how to take advantage of the invention. Philadelphia, also, had the steamboat, you will reply. Yes; but she did not have the Hudson River.

The Hudson had from the first been an advantage to New York, because it afforded a highway for 150 miles inland, and thus had greatly aided in the early settlement of the interior of the State and of western New England. By the improvement of the steamboat, river-travel at once became so cheap and speedy that the country dealers and the farmers themselves could go straight down to New York to buy goods or do their shopping at first hand. This brought a great deal of new

business, both wholesale and retail, to New York, some of which was taken away from its rival cities.

Moreover, the steamboats and towboats lessened the cost of bringing building materials, grain, hay, meat, and all the country-grown food found in city markets, and therefore lessened the expense and increased the comfort of living and working here.

It was another great benefit to the townsman that cheaper freight assured him cheap and plentiful fuel. In 1824 a canal was opened between the coal-regions of northern Pennsylvania and Rondout on the Hudson; and boats loaded with coal at the mines could float straight to New York, and then go back laden with merchandise forwarded exceedingly cheaply. Coal was already coming around by way of Amboy, and presently a third canal was dug straight across northern New Jersey, and the boats on this also brought great quantities of iron ore.

The rivalry of these routes reduced the price of coal, iron, building materials, etc., and began to make New York a center of many important manufactures. These industries attracted a constantly increasing number of artisans and mechanics, and the workers in turn called for more and more house-room, food, and clothing, and thus gave employment to an ever-growing multitude of men engaged in commerce, domestic trade, market-keeping, and the learned professions.

But the greatest of all the influences that assisted New York to reach first place was the Erie Canal.

The first quarter of this century was the era of canal-building. No matter how fine the turnpikes may be, horses can haul in wagons only high-priced merchandise, in comparatively small quantities and for short distances, unless the cargo is too cost for transportation more than it is worth. Men found out in Europe and Asia, long ago, that for moving grain, coal, timber, ore, and similar bulky or heavy goods, where speed was not especially important, a ship or boat was the only practicable method. If a river were not convenient, then an artificial waterway called a canal—that is, channel—must be made. When in any country something of this kind cannot be done, that

country must remain undeveloped and thinly populated, like the Sahara.

Why is a canal so much better than a good road for commercial purposes? Because, while two horses and one man can haul on a hard, level road perhaps two tons, the same driver with two horses harnessed to a canal-boat can move twenty tons nearly as quickly; that is, the same force and expense for pay and food of men and horses accomplish ten times as much in result, which really makes the goods ten times cheaper at the end of the route.

Hence, before the invention of railroads, it was necessary in any growing country to dig canals to serve as the highways of commerce; and this the young United States hastened to do. New York, as usual, moved among the foremost. She planned and constructed, besides some lesser ones, that great waterway, four hundred miles long, from Albany to Buffalo, which was called the Erie Canal and connected the Hudson with the Great Lakes.

This canal was finished in 1825, and immensely stimulated the growth not only of the western part of New York State but of the whole region of the Great Lakes; for now farmers in the Northwest could send their grain and fruit and cattle, and the miners their ore, and the lumbermen their ship-timber and boards and staves, to the seaboard at profitable rates; and in return they could obtain the imports, merchandise, and manufactures of sea-coast cities at a fair cost. A fleet of vessels on the Lakes came and went, bringing from farm, mine, and forest, cargoes which were loaded into the canal-boats and sent east, often to be transferred to vessels for foreign ports without ever touching land at all. And back went supplies for the interior of New York State, and for settlers in Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and beyond, who could never have lived and worked in those distant parts except for this means of cheap communication. To them also, every summer, went thousands of new settlers from New England and Old England and all Europe, who needed no longer to spend weeks and weeks in traveling in wagons before reaching their new homes.

Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia had canals, it is true, which, connecting with Ohio's

canals, reached Lake Erie; but they never accomplished so much for Philadelphia and Baltimore as did the Erie Canal for New York. In the first place, they were longer, and had to cross big mountains by means of locks, forcing the boatmen to lose time, and thus compelling the owners to charge high rates, so that a great deal of through traffic avoided them since both time and money could be saved by going to New York's canal. This ran through an almost level series of valleys, and could therefore afford to do the service at a less price, and yet promise quicker delivery. In the second place, the mountainous, sterile character of the country along a large part of the southern canals prevented much settlement by their banks; while the fertile valleys of New York State soon teemed with a prosperous population, and along the whole length of the Erie Canal towns sprang up which furnished a profitable local traffic, helped to pay expenses, and thus reduced the charges for through carriage.

All of these people and all of this business contributed to the advancement of the great seaport at the mouth of the Hudson, which was the real end of the route; and notwithstanding occasional pestilences, great fires, and business set-backs, New York grew steadily, and kept far ahead of all rivals.

Here, naturally, were the finest shops, the best hotels, the freshest novelties, and the gayest amusements. These depend upon a crowd, but they also attract a greater crowd; and as the biggest city has the most money, hither came the richest men in order to find other rich men to join with them in those operations by which business men carry on commerce, organize and conduct factories, construct railroads, and so forth. These enterprises always come to the largest and most flourishing city, because there they can find nearest and best the materials, supplies, and trained men which they need; and the money they spend and the outside help they bring in are valuable additions to a city's wealth and population, and constantly increase its importance and power in an ever-growing ratio, just as a rolling snowball will pick up more and more snow the larger it grows.

Railroads began to be built about 1830,



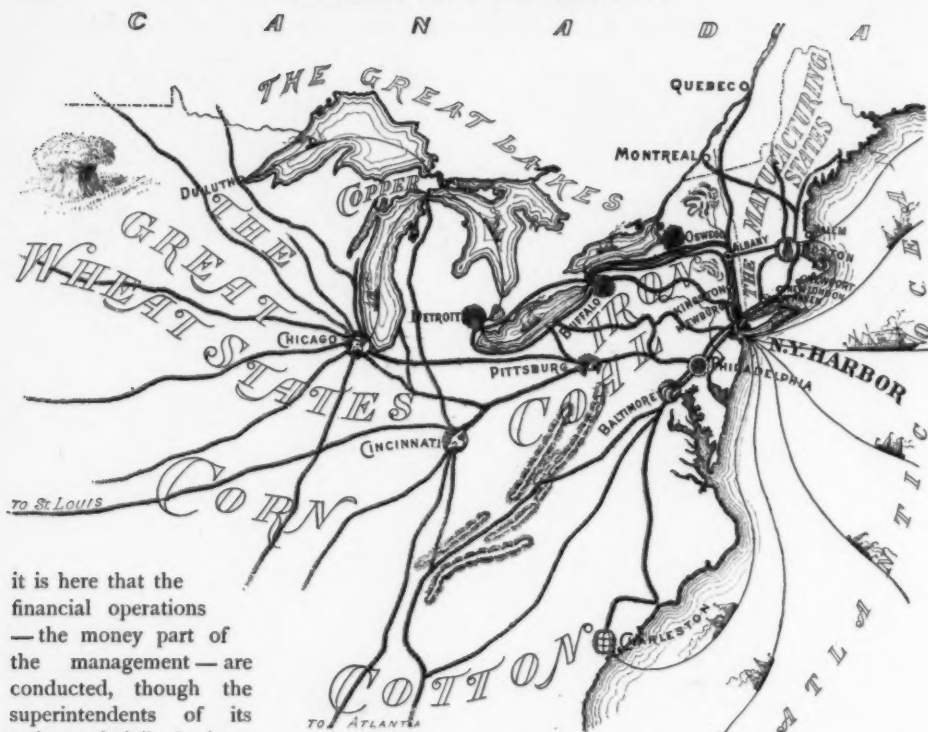
and the New Yorkers were soon pushing them out in all directions, supplying the money for extending them farther and farther north and west, and connecting them into long systems controlled by one head. Other men in other

cities did the same; but by and by it was seen that no railroad between the central West and East could succeed in competition with its rivals unless it reached New York. The great trunk roads built or aided by the Baltimore men



to serve their city, and by the Philadelphia people to bring trade to them, and by the capitalists of New England for their profit, never succeeded, therefore, until they had been pushed on to New York, where the volume

of commerce was coming to be as great as, or greater than, that of all the other American ports put together. Now New York has become the real headquarters of every important railway system in the United States; that is,



it is here that the financial operations — the money part of the management — are conducted, though the superintendents of its trains and daily business may keep their offices somewhere else.

The secret, then, of New York's proud greatness,—why she is and always will be the Imperial City of North America, in wealth and influence and commercial power, even though some other town may some time in the future count a few more inhabitants, is found in the word *transportation*.

New York stands in the best place for the distribution of people and things: the raw material for manufactures, the products of mills and furnaces and shops, the yield of farms and mines and forests, and the goods going and

coming across the seas. Valleys that form easy and natural roads open out south, west, north, and northeast, like the folds of a fan, and the resources of a great country flow naturally along them toward her coffers. In front of her is the ocean gateway, open to the fleets of the world.

New York is New York because she stands where the wealth of the New World and the treasures of the Old World most easily and naturally meet. And she will be grander and ever more splendid as time rolls on!



NEW YORK CITY IN 1673.





"JUMBO."



"BOBBLES."



"PUNK."



"SAWED-OFF."

## THE LAKERIM ATHLETIC CLUB.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

[This story was begun in the December number.]



"TUG."

### II.

ALL correct history-books will tell you that a watched pot has never been known to boil; but they are strangely silent as to whether or no a watched lake ever puts on ice.

So, when the calendar got well on into December, the Dozen, as they were known to local fame, stood gazing long and hard at the lake. They were waiting for the water to freeze.

Thirteen is an unlucky number when Jack Frost is the thirteenth. And here he certainly was. He kept out of sight himself, but he dabbed red paint on the noses of the Twelve, and drove tacks into their finger-tips and toes, and ran his cold hands up and down their backbones as if they were washboards.

Still they stood, weeping with the chill, and shivering and sniveling and sniffing and shuffling to keep cold. But the ripples on the lake danced even more than they did: as if, indeed, old Daddy Winter had found a sign "No Thoroughfare" when he came that way.

"I say, let 's go in swimmin'," spoke up the tiny Jumbo.

"We might as well have rollers put on our

skates," the huge Sawed-Off spoke down. "This lake 's forgot how to freeze."

But, much as they poked sarcasm at it, it only laughed back with blue eyes and giggling ripples. It simply would not be bullied into becoming a skating-rink for anybody. So these bodies must e'en wait. So they waited.



"PRETTY."



"HIST'RY."

At length, being sensible boys, they gave up longing for what they could not get, and turned to gloating over what they had. And their memories were cheery as a camp-fire.

After the glorious victory won over the football team of the Greenville Military Academy, they had adopted Punk's suggestion and definitely organized themselves into a club, which they called after their native city. If the lake grew famous only through the town of Lakerim,



"SLEEPY."



"B. J."



"THE TWINS."



"QUIZ."

the town of Lakerim grew famous chiefly through the wonderful High School athletes, who were organized, as the circus-posters would say, into the only and original consolidated and accumulated aggregation of unprecedented luminaries of the athletic and gymnastic arena; imported and domesticated at enormous expense, and traveling in their own gorgeous argosy of palatial private cars! Any individual marvel is alone worth the price of admission! Don't forget the name!

#### THE LAKERIM ATHLETIC CLUB!

Come one, come all! Admission only twenty-five cents. Old folks half-price! Peanuts and lemonade for sale at reduced rates. Avoid all servile imitators!

#### 12—WONDERS OF THE WORLD—12

After defeating Greenville, it had been necessary, of course, to play a rubber; so the Greenvilles came over to Lakerim like lions seeking whom they might devour, and went back like lambs fleeing lest they get devoured. Then the Lakerims fell into the habit of winning games from almost all the teams they played with. As Tug put it, "They had hit their gait." And they came out at the end of the season with a score of six games won to two lost, a neat percentage of seventy-five.

"How is the treasury this cold day?" the living interrogation-mark inquired.

"Well," said Punk, taking a paper out of his pocket, "I've been making out a statement for the next club meeting."

"Let's have it now," some one suggested; and as everybody agreed, and there was nothing else to do, the Lakerim Athletic Club met in solemn conclave, right where it stood in the snow; for the club, as a club, had no roof to shelter it from the wintry blast.

"Ahem!" coughed President Tug, with so much dignity that the lake almost froze up with a snap. "The club will please come to order."

Coming to order consisted in ceasing to stamp half-frozen feet and trying to keep the chattering teeth from making rattle-bones out of themselves.

"We will dispense with the minutes of the previous meeting," the President began, "and permit the Secretary to postpone writing the minutes of this till he gets home." Which was a good thing, because Secretary Jumbo's fingers felt more like breaking off than holding a pencil.

"Shall we hear the report of the Treasurer?"

Every member meant to say, "Ay"; but he was so cold that he voted several times with an "Ay—ay—ay!" like story-book sailors.

"The T-t-reasurerrrr has the f-floor," said the President coldly.

Every one looked down at the floor and grinned, for the floor was snow-white and came up to the Treasurer's ankles.

"Mr. President," said Punk, "I beg to make the following statement of moneys collected and held by me in the club's name in the Lakerim Savings Bank."

You must admit that Punk's language was very fine (it ought to be; for, just between you and me and the lamp-post, he got it out of a book). His statement, condensed, and with punctuation-marks made by the cold omitted, was as follows:

First game of the year, Lakerim <i>vs.</i> Greenville, played at Lakerim, no charge for admission ..	\$ 0.00
Second game, Lakerim <i>vs.</i> Greenville, played at Greenville. Our share of the gate receipts, $\frac{3}{4}$	44.50
Third game, Lakerim <i>vs.</i> Greenville, played at Lakerim Fair Grounds. Our share, $\frac{3}{4}$ .....	18.39
Fourth game, played with Brownsville School for Boys. Our share, $\frac{3}{4}$ .....	39.15
Fifth game, played with Charleston Preparatory School. Our share, $\frac{3}{4}$ .....	26.56
Sixth game, played with Troy Latin School. Our share, $\frac{3}{4}$ .....	31.20
Seventh game, played with Kingston Academy. Our share, $\frac{3}{4}$ .....	9.00
Eighth game, played with Charleston Preparatory School. Our share, $\frac{3}{4}$ .....	33.32
Total .....	\$202.12

This was not so bad; and as they—and their parents—had agreed that every man was to pay his own expenses, every cent of this was to go to bringing that club-house somewhere nearer than Spain. But none of the boys had much idea of the size of the contract they had taken.

By the time the Treasurer's report was read

and approved, however, everybody was so cold that everybody moved to ad-d-d-j-j-jourrrn, and everybody s-s-s-secondeded the m-m-motion, and so it was carried without much trouble, and every mother's son skedaddled for home and fireside.

That night the mercury crawled far down the thermometer in a vain attempt to keep warm, and the lake gave up the fight and put on a thin mask of ice. In a few days this was thick enough to bear tons of weight, and the boys got out their well-rusted skates and well-seasoned hockey-clubs and proceeded to crack one another's shins and sit all over themselves to their hearts' content. But hard as they fell, the lake always seemed to say, like B. J.'s heroes, in a hollow voice:

"I can stand it if you can."

In time shin-bones learned to quit aching and keep out of the way, and in time the boys were all skating with last winter's skill and handling their shinny-clubs with some show of reason and agility.

Little Jumbo was by far the best skater of the lot. Sawed-Off said he ought to be, because he had less distance to fall than any one else.

However that may be, Jumbo seemed absolutely fearless and perfectly at home on his steel soles. He was an adept at fancy work, and could do "Mohawks" and "Maltese crosses" and "figure 8's" and "grape-vines" and "Philadelphias," and about everything you could think of. He wrote his curves with the ease and grace of a teacher of penmanship, and could work out his Latin exercises with his skates — almost.

It so fell about — speaking of skating, that is a very fit expression — it so fell about, I say, that Jumbo had visited in Canada the winter before, and had fallen deeply in love with the game of hockey as it is played up there. When he heard how it was being taken up in all the American cities, he proposed that the Lake-rims give it the final honor of their high and mighty attention.

"Aw!" growled Sleepy, who objected to everything on principle, "what do you want to borrow anything from the Canucks for?"

"Yes," said Tug, who was very patriotic, "I

think we 've got enough games of our own, without being snobs."

"Snobs nothin'," said Jumbo. "The only sensible and really patriotic way to act is to study other nations, and if they have anything better than we have, to borrow it and improve on it."

"Jumbo 's right," Sawed-Off said, looking round to see if anybody wanted to fight the two of them. "If you 're going to be so blamed exclusive, you 'd better drop football and tennis and rowing and skating, and about everything else —"

"Except baseball," drawled Sleepy.

"Yes, that 's our own, right enough; but we can't play it all the year round."

After some wrangling they finally voted to take up the new game; and there was nothing to do but elect Jumbo teacher, trainer, coacher, captain, and general cook and bottle-washer.

Jumbo then delivered a scholarly lecture on the game. He said: "Canadian hockey takes seven men on a side. Each side has a goal at the end of a field that can be any length you want, but must n't be less than a hundred and twenty feet. The goal is two posts, and they 're four feet high and six feet apart, and they have no cross-bar. They have an imaginary one, though, across the top; and to score a goal you 've got to shoot the puck under it."

"The puck! What 's a puck?" they all cried.

History scornfully answered: "Why, don't you know? — Puck is a character in one of Shakspeare's plays, — 'The Merry Wives of Mr. Winder,' I think."

Jumbo only grinned at the Knowing One, and took out of his pocket a disk of solid vulcanized rubber, three inches in diameter and an inch thick.

"What 's that?" said History, still beaming with pride.

"That 's a puck," said Jumbo; and History's face fell half-way to the ground. "I got it in Canada. They use it instead of a ball or a block."

"Or a tin can," added Sleepy.

"Does n't seem to me you could knock it very far," said Pretty.

"You can't, and you don't want to. The

game is to carry it and coax it along with your hockey-stick."

"Don't you ever knock it?" said Bobbles.

"Well, not exactly. But sometimes you lift it."

"What 's lifting it?" said Quiz.

"Well, it takes a knack to do that. You give your club a kind of a sort of a twist, and a lift, and the puck goes flying through the air. Some experts can send it sixty feet at a lift."

"Well, what if it hits you?" said Pretty, thinking of his fine teeth.

"Well, you 'll wish it had n't," said Jumbo, thinking of a certain gap in his ivories.

"That does n't sound very promising," said Pretty.

"Every game we play is risky. You can break bones in all of 'em—lawn-tennis included. But you 'll have no fun and accomplish nothing in this world if you 're always stopping to think of your bones."

"It takes seven men, you say?" was Bobbles' way of returning to the muttons.

"Yes; first there 's the 'goal-keeper,' who never leaves his goal, but stands inside and stops the puck with his stick, his skate, his hand, or his whole body. In front of him is another defender called the 'point.' In front of him a fellow called the 'cover-point.' He attacks and defends, both. And in front of him are four 'forwards,' who attack."

"How do they attack?" said Quiz. "With their clubs?"

"No; you must n't lift your club above your shoulder, and you don't lift it at all except when you want to check a man."

"What is it to check a man?" said Quiz.

"When you scrape the puck away from his club with your own. Then there 's the body-check, where you bunt him with your shoulder, and stop him."

"But what if he 's skating pretty hard?" said Sleepy anxiously.

"Well, you get a kind of a jolt," said Jumbo, meaningly.

"And do you sit down hard?" Sleepy persisted.

"If the ice does n't rise up and hit you first," answered Jumbo, in a matter-of-fact way.

"Um-m!" pondered Sleepy; "I guess I don't care much about that game."

"No," said Tug, scornfully. "It might keep you up." Sleepy only yawned for reply, and dawdled off home.

"You see," Jumbo began again, "the game is one that takes a skater who is sure-footed, and not afraid. And it takes a good dodger to juke it."

"'Juke' it!" yelled Quiz. "What does that beautiful word mean?"

"Why," exclaimed History, superciliously, "did n't you ever read about the Juke of York, with 20,000 men, who marched up the hill—"

"And took the elevator down again?" Jumbo finished for him. "Well, this is another kind of a Juke. This consists in carrying the ball right through the enemy, dodging this way and that, and bringing it 'way down toward the goal."

"It 's like the great run you made through the line in that third Greenville football game," said Tug.

"Well, something," Jumbo admitted, with a blush; and Sawed-Off blushed, too, with equal pride.

"Hockey is a good deal like football, anyway," Jumbo went on. "Off-side playing is watched closer, though, and punished more. Every player who is ahead of the man with the puck is off-side till some one of the opponents touches the puck. All he can do is to wait for his own man to come up with him, or for one of the other side to get it. So the forwards usually play pretty well spread out in a line, and pass the puck sideways to one another to keep it out of the way of the enemy. You can't pass it forward to your own men—only at right angles to the side-line, or backward. And you can't score, as you can in football, by taking it over the goal-line—it 's got to go through the posts. And—and—I guess that 's enough to begin practising on."

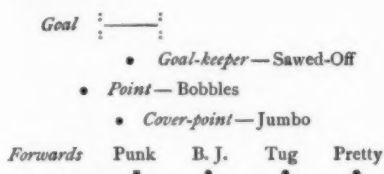
Ten of the fellows followed Jumbo to a clear space on the lake. Sleepy was dozing on his way home, and History had sat on his spectacles and broken them so often that his parents forbade his skating.

The ten survivors were not much interested in the game till they had got the hang of it

pretty well. Then they were all enthusiasts, and before long Jumbo was ready to choose his men. And "We are Seven" was one of their mottos, and "All for Lakerim" was their other.

One good-looking morning a crowd of young fellows from the Preparatory School at Charleston-on-the-Lake came skating that way to mop up the ice with anything they could find at Lakerim. They brought hockey-clubs for mop-sticks; and after some banter an informal game was set going.

A narrow inlet of the lake made a good hockey-rink; and the positions of the Lakerims were these:



In just the same arrangement inverted, the Charleston seven faced them.

This was the formal arrangement, though in reality the boys were rarely just so placed. B. J. usually played back a little to return the puck to the forwards, or, as they say, to "feed it in." And the rest scurried hither and thither, according to the change of each moment.

A referee was selected and sides were chosen by toss. The referee skated to the center of the field and put the puck on the ice; Tug and one of the Charleston forwards took positions to "face it off." They put their clubs down against either side of the puck and stood as taut as a mainsheet in a good wind, and waited for the referee's whistle. After they had paused with eyes staring at the puck till they began to think that he had forgotten them altogether or had evaporated, the shrill signal came, and the game was on.

Tug and his rival jabbed and scraped at the puck till it finally came out of the scrimmage between Tug's heels, for his opponent was the more skilful of the two. Tug had a mighty ado to disentangle himself from the persistent puck; but finally the Charleston man poked it out and shoved past.

Then B. J. confronted him with ready stick,

and swiped at the puck, only to see it scoot swiftly to the left, where another Charleston forward gathered it in and dashed down the right of the Lakerim field. Him Jumbo cut off, but not before he had sent the puck merrily to his left, where a third forward got it. He shot down the left of the field until Bobbles headed him off. And just as Bobbles called the puck his own, it was clear across the ice and on the stick of another Charleston forward who had an unobstructed field at the right. He dashed for the posts, and when he was near enough gave a quick, twisting lift and shot the puck straight for a goal.

But Sawed-Off was waiting with a wild glare, and he caught the puck with his left hand, flung it down, and with a quick blow of the club knocked it spinning sidewise.

All the Lakerims were of course off-side, and must wait till the dashing Charlestonian started back for another try at goal. Then they took him in hand, and there was a charming scrimmage. Four or five of the players came together at that point at the same time, and promptly lifted their feet in air and sat down to think it over. Some one of them was sitting on the puck, and all were jabbed and prodded unmercifully till they scrambled to their feet and restored the long-lost puck to the light of day.

After some lively give and take, Jumbo scooped it and passed it across to Bobbles; but he was n't looking for it, and a Charlestonian swept it away and brought it to Sawed-Off's door again.

Lakerim was quite bewildered at the swift changes of the game as handled by trained players. The puck was here, there, and everywhere at the same time.

"Now you see it, and now you don't," gasped Pretty.

Sawed-Off filled enough of the goal-space to block the second attempt at goal. He simply moved his big body, and though the puck stung, it dropped to the ice and he shot it far to the right. But a Charleston forward was playing well over and waiting for it. He had it back in the center instanter, and there was a fierce mix-up in front of goal. The Lakerims could not get the puck away from Charleston, however, and the third quick shot for goal found a



cranny, somewhere where Sawed-Off was not, and the scoring had begun.

"Boys," said Jumbo, "it's team work that counts in this game, not grand-stand plays. Keep your eye on the puck, and always be ready to get it on a pass, or to pass it when it is in danger. Let every man know where every other man is."

After the second face-off, the Lakerims, by concerted action among the forwards, managed to get the puck down into Charleston, but only for a moment now and then. After zigzagging it back and forth for some time, a Charlestonian suddenly gave it a beautiful lift. It flew high in the air, and came down on the edge, and rolled at Bobbles, who stopped it with his skate.

He made that fatal mistake, however, a slow start; and before he could recover any of the ground gained through the lift, two of the Charleston forwards were on him. As the first of them went by, he gave a fierce blow at the puck with his club. It came down hard on Bobbles' right hand, and he dropped his stick with a loud "Ouch!" Before he could recover it, the puck was in the elbow of a Charleston club, and jogging gaily down the ice.

Sawed-Off grew impatient at all this, deserted his sentry-post, and started forward to stop the advance. But the Charleston man simply gave a sudden swerve to the right, and then one to the left, and lo! he was past Sawed-Off, and through the goal-posts before you could say, "The sea ceaseth, and it sufficeth us." Score: Charleston — 2; Lakerim — 0.

Then Jumbo skated toward Sawed-Off, and from his little height looked up at his gigantic chum, and threatened to put a head on him if he left the goal-posts again.

Sawed-Off looked down at Jack-the-Giant-Killer, and meekly promised to resist all temptations.

At the third face-off Tug carried away the honors and the puck; and by a quick pass to Pretty saw it advanced well into Charleston territory. Pretty disappeared into a wild scrimmage, and the puck came out in the enemy's charge. Tug met the onrushing player with a vigorous body-check that nearly shook his teeth loose.

But more to Tug's delight, it shook the puck

loose, and he took the little misplaced discus under his own wing. He dodged one Charlestonian, but saw himself about to fall prey to another, and passed the puck across to B. J., who took it forward until the opposing cover-point fell foul of him, when he sent it to Punk, who got past the Charleston point, but lost it there to the enemy. Jumbo came up with a bird-like swoop, however, and picked it out of the tangle of clubs and feet, and shot it between the legs of the goal-keeper for a goal. Score: Charleston — 2; Lakerim — 1.

The game went on, with changes as sudden and complete as those of a twirled kaleidoscope; but when the twenty minutes of the first half was over, the foreigners had coined another goal. Score: Charleston — 3; Lakerim — 1.

Friends furnished overcoats, and the players gathered round a fire on shore. There was only one fire, so Jumbo invited his visitors to join them, and borrowed some wraps, overcoats, and girls' cloaks. He had no chance to coach his men, except indirectly, and, as it were, over the shoulders of the enemy.

"You fellows are the right stuff," he said hospitably. "We don't know the game very well here. I don't mean to say you could n't beat us even if we did; but we might make it more interesting for you. Your team-play is simply great. I wish our boys would work together better. They are too blamed anxious to do it all by their lonesomes. We've got some good material, though, don't you think?"

"Well, there are no flies on *you*," their captain said to Jumbo. "I wish you'd come over to Charleston to school. We'd make a star player out of you in no time."

Jumbo was sorry now that he had spoken, and he blushed modestly and guessed he'd just as soon stay at home. And when the ten-minute rest was up, he went among his men, with words of suggestion and encouragement.

Charleston began the next half with a speedily gained goal due to a combination of mischances that left Lakerim badly muddled. Jumbo only set his teeth hard, and decided that if the game were to be kept from going from the very bad of 4 to 1 to something still worse, it was time to begin. He hung about all the scrim-

mates, waiting for a chance at the puck; but he was always checked or off-side at the critical moment, till the battle was worked far into his own country, and close to his goal.

Then he saw his chance, and pulled the puck away from an opponent, and set sail for foreign parts. He had all the Charleston forwards but one in front of him. And people still talk of the beautiful way he juked it through the swarm of his enemies. A corkscrew could n't have gone through them better. He gave a sudden

The Charleston goal-keeper alone opposed him. Jumbo gave the puck a good high lift. It struck the man in the mouth, and brought out a growl of pain. When it dropped to the ground, and before the keeper could shove it aside, Jumbo shot it past his right knee for goal. Score: Charleston—4; Lakerim—2.

For the next attack he sent his forwards along in open order, with special instructions to be quick in passing the puck from one to the other. He followed right at their heels as



JUMBO MAKING THE GOAL.

leap to the right to avoid this forward, and a jump to the left to pass that one, and a sudden stop and swish round the last one. He led the cover-point a fine chase, and suddenly dug his skate into the ice, stopped short, and let the fellow pass him like a cannon-ball. Then he came full-tilt on the Charleston point, who waited, expecting to check him.

But just as a sloop would save herself from collision with a man-of-war, he suddenly luffed up, and was alongside when he should have been across the bows, and was astern when he should have been sinking.

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feeder, and after some close calls saw Pretty send the puck between the goal-posts. Score: Charleston—4; Lakerim—3.

Then, try as they would, they could n't hold the Charltons. Jumbo fought so hard that he was twice caught playing off-side, and had the misery of giving the enemy the puck and a line-up at that point, with the Lakerims put five feet back. And much as Sawed-Off tried literally to fill his place, the puck got past him and the Charltons were again two goals ahead, the score being 5-3.

Then Jumbo saw a Charleston forward pre-

paring to lift the puck past his forwards, and he bent his knees and waited till it flew over his head; then he straightened his wiry little legs and shot up in the air after it. His left hand struck it and brought it down. Jumbo sprawled on the ice when he lit, but knocked the puck to Tug, who had hurried back to him, and watched it go zigzagging down the ice for another goal at Pretty's hands.

Now the referee announced that there was only a little time left, and Jumbo saw that his only hope lay in tying the score, which would compel a lengthening of the time.

He outlined his plan of action as they went for the next face-off. He spoke to his best men, and bided his time. At length the opportunity came, Tug got the puck, and Jumbo, who was just behind him, gave him the word. Tug gave the puck a magnificent lift down the field, but well to one side where there were no Charleston men. Jumbo dashed forward like a bullet, and reached the puck before any of the opposing men could get there. Tug followed at his very heels, and when Jumbo gave another fine lift over Charleston heads to the other side, he was up and away and had the puck before the enemy got near it. When they dashed for him, he drove the puck for a beautiful pass across again to Jumbo, who made goal with it, and tied the score just as the referee opened his mouth to shout, "Time!"

It was now necessary to play a supplement, and give the game to the team that made the first goal. By various passes exciting to watch, but tedious to tell, the now hopeful and determined Lakerims managed to work the puck Charleston way, and finally Jumbo got it near one of the banks of the lake (these were the only side-lines they had).

He dodged here and there to get through the Charleston forwards, but his way was blocked everywhere, till a sudden idea struck him. He dashed straight at the Charlestonian who guarded the edge, and just as he reached him, shot the puck hard to the right and went round to the left. The Charlestonian looked aghast at seeing the puck go one way and the player another; but when he saw the puck strike a shelving bank of stone and carom off behind

him into the loving clutches of Jumbo, he looked aghaster. He recognized that Jumbo had brought a trick of the rinks outdoors, and a moment later he recognized a Jumboesque lift on the puck going through his own goal. And he recognized the end of the game, and the voices of Lakerim people cheering the victors, who were even more surprised than their victims.

By this time the Charlestonians were so sick of hockey and the ice in general that they had no heart to limp home on skates. So they arranged for a return game in the rink in their city, hired a Lakerim carryall, and went home ignominiously on wheels.

As they disappeared, History, who knew about as much Latin as a drug-clerk, went out on the scene of victory, waved Jumbo's shinny-club in air, and cried:

"In hockey signo vinces!"

Whereupon Pretty very properly pushed his feet out from under him, and when he hit the ice he saw more stars than his astronomy textbook ever dreamed of.

The fellows that had not played, now felt strong enough to skate a little, and came out on the ice with girls from the crowd of spectators. They chose, of course, the rosiest-checked — and, I must admit, rosiest-nosed — maids, and went gliding in couples as if the ice were as good as any ball-room floor, as indeed it was. So they glided — or should I say "glode"? — and filled their lungs with a wholesome air, and their muscles with a wholesome weariness.

But Heady, as he went to ask his particular fancy to glide with him, was pounced on by a great, overgrown fat girl who had never learned to skate.

"Oh, hello!" she cried. "I'm going to let you teach me."

"Thanks," said Heady; "but I —"

"Oh, you two boys skate so well that my father told me I must be sure to get you to teach me."

Heady did n't just see what her father had to say about it, but he could n't skate around her, and he was afraid to try breaking away from her clutches, lest she should fall; so he surrendered as gracefully as possible, and led her out on the ice, expecting to hear it crack under them.

"Which of the twins are you?" she asked.

Heady wished he had been the other; but he did n't say so. He found, to his glad disappointment, that she was quick to learn, and very light on her feet for all her weight, and had a better balance than many a thinner person. She was much like a top, in fact, and they were soon spinning about right merrily.

At length they encountered the weary but high-hearted Jumbo, who had not stopped to rest, but was giving one of his men a few points he had picked up from studying Charleston methods.

As soon as she saw him, the fat girl halloed to him, and left Heady completely in the lurch while she showered congratulations on the hero of the day, which did n't please Heady altogether.

"One of the twins has just taught me how to skate, and you must skate with me," she cried.

"I'm afraid I'm too tired," said Jumbo, appalled at the thought of dragging such a weight around the lake.

"Oh, that does n't matter," the girl exclaimed; "it'll do you good."

She was dragging Jumbo along as a captive, when he thought of a way of escape, and said: "I'll tell you, let's skate for home. You live on the other side of town, too, and I know a short cut around that little point."

The girl gaily agreed, and they struck out together—the tug-boat towing the ocean-liner. When they rounded the wooded point, they found the ice quite deserted. The neck of land hid all the crowd they had left behind. But

he knew the way, and she had no fears. So, tired as he was, he went skating backward, dragging the heavy girl after him. He was too dead tired to look round much, and the girl was too busy enjoying the speed and ease of her glide to notice where they went.

But suddenly there was a loud rattle and clatter and boom, and the ice crashed under and all around them. The fat girl flung her arms about Jumbo's neck; and hard as he



"HE WENT SKATING BACKWARD, DRAGGING THE HEAVY GIRL AFTER HIM."

strove to tread water and find support, she bore him down; and the ice splintered and sank with him as he grasped at it.

The bitter cold water sent a chill through his flesh, but he felt the cold clear to the marrow of his bones when his wild eyes saw not a living soul or a possible rescuer on the whole surface of the lake. And then his head went under, and the water filled the mouth of the terrified girl as she tried to scream for help.

(To be continued.)

## THE BUCCANEERS OF OUR COAST.

By FRANK R. STOCKTON.

*(This series was begun in the November number.)*

### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF BARTHOLEMY PORTUGUEZ.

As we have seen that the buccaneers were mainly English, French, and Dutch sailors who were united to make a common piratical warfare upon the Spaniards in the West Indies, it may seem a little strange to find a man from Portugal who seemed to be on the wrong side of this peculiar fight which was going on in the New World between the sailors of northern and southern Europe. But although Portugal is such a close neighbor of Spain, the two countries have often been at war with each other, and their interests are by no means the same. The only advantages that Portugal could expect from the newly discovered treasures of the West were those which her seafaring men, acting with the seafaring men of other nations, should wrest from Spanish vessels homeward bound.

Consequently there were Portuguese among the pirates of those days. Among these was a man named Bartholemy Portuguese, a famous "flibustier." It may be here remarked that the name "buccaneer" was chiefly affected by the English adventurers on our coast, while the French members of the profession often preferred the name of "flibustier." This word, which has since been corrupted into our familiar "flibuster," is said to have been originally a corruption, being nothing more than the French method of pronouncing the word "freebooters," which title had long been used for independent robbers.

Thus, although Bartholemy called himself a flibustier, he was the same as a buccaneer, and his name came to be known all over the Caribbean Sea. From the accounts we have of him, it appears that he did not start out on

his career of piracy as a poor man. He had some capital to invest in the business, and when he went over to the West Indies he took with him a small ship armed with four small cannon and manned by a crew of picked men, many of them, no doubt, professional pirates, and the others anxious for practice in that most alluring vocation; for the gold-fields of California were never more attractive to the bold and hardy adventurers of our country than were the gold-fields of the sea to the buccaneers and flibustiers of the seventeenth century.

When Bartholemy reached the Caribbean Sea he probably touched first at Tortuga, the pirates' headquarters, and then sailed out very much as if he had been a fisherman going forth to see what he could catch on the sea. He cruised about on the track generally taken by treasure-ships going from the mainland to the Havanas or the island of Hispaniola; and when at last he sighted a vessel in the distance, it was not long before he and his men had made up their minds that if they were to have any sport that day, it would be with what might be called most decidedly a game fish, for the ship slowly sailing toward them was a large Spanish vessel, and from her port-holes there protruded the muzzles of at least twenty cannon. Of course they knew that such a vessel would have a much larger crew than their own, and altogether Bartholemy was very much in the position of a man who should go out to harpoon a sturgeon, and who should find himself confronted by a vicious sword-fish.

The Spanish merchantmen of that day were generally well armed; for getting home safely across the Atlantic was often the most difficult part of the treasure-seeking. There were many of these ships which, although they did not belong to the Spanish navy, might almost be designated as men-of-war; and it was one of these with which our flibustier now met.





"THE BEST MARKSMEN, CROUCHING CLOSE TO THE DECK, FIRED AND FIRED WHENEVER A SPANISH HEAD WAS TO BE SEEN."

But pirates and fishermen cannot afford to pick and choose. They must take what comes to them, and make the best of it; and this is exactly the way in which the matter presented itself to Bartholemy and his men. They held one of their councils around the mast, and after an address from their leader they decided that come what may, they must attack that Spanish vessel.

So the little pirate sailed boldly toward the big Spaniard, and the latter vessel, utterly astonished at the audacity of this attack,—for the pirates' flag was flying,—lay to, head to the wind, and waited, the gunners standing by their cannon. When the pirates had come near enough to see and understand the size and power of the vessel they had thought of attacking, they did not, as might have been expected, put about and sail away at the best of their vessel's speed, but they kept straight on their course, as if they were about to fall upon a great, unwieldy merchantman manned by common sailors.

Perceiving the foolhardiness of the little vessel, the Spanish commander determined to give it a lesson which would teach its captain to understand better the relative power of great vessels and little ones; so as soon as the pirates' vessel was near enough, he ordered a broadside fired upon it. The Spanish ship had a great many people on board. It had a crew of seventy men, and besides these there were some passengers and regular marines; and knowing that the captain had determined to fire upon the approaching vessel, everybody had gathered on deck to see the little pirate ship go down.

But the ten great cannon-balls which were shot out at Bartholemy's little craft all missed their aim, and before the guns could be reloaded, or the great ship be got around so as to deliver her other broadside, the pirate vessel was alongside of her. Bartholemy had fired none of his cannon. Such guns were useless against so huge a foe. What he was after was a hand-to-hand combat on the deck of the Spanish ship.

The pirates were all ready for hot work. They had thrown aside their coats and shirts, as if each of them were going into a prize-fight,

and with their cutlasses in their hands, and their pistols and knives in their belts, they scrambled like monkeys up the sides of the great ship. But Spaniards are brave men and good fighters, there were more than twice as many of them as there were of the pirates; and it was not long before the latter found out that they could not capture that vessel by boarding it. So over the side they tumbled as fast as they could go, leaving some of their number dead and wounded behind them. They jumped into their own vessel, and then they put off to a short distance to take breath and get ready for a different kind of fight. The triumphant Spaniards now prepared to get rid of this boat-load of half-naked wild beasts, which they could easily do if they took better aim with their cannon than they had done before.

But, to their amazement, they soon found that they could do nothing with the guns, nor were they able to work their ship so as to get it into position for effectual shots. Bartholemy and his men laid aside their cutlasses and their pistols, and took up muskets, with which they were well provided. Their vessel lay within very short range of the Spanish ship, and whenever a man could be seen through the port-holes, or showed himself in the rigging or anywhere else where it was necessary to go in order to work the ship, he made himself a target for the good aim of the pirates. The pirate vessel could move about as it pleased, for it required but a few men to manage it, and so it kept out of the way of the Spanish guns, and its best marksmen, crouching close to the deck, fired and fired whenever a Spanish head was to be seen.

For five long hours this unequal contest was kept up. It might have reminded one of a man with a slender rod and a long, delicate line, who had hooked a big salmon. The man could not pull in the salmon; but, on the other hand, the salmon could not hurt the man, and in the course of time the big fish would be tired out, and the man would get out his landing-net and scoop him in.

Now, Bartholemy thought he could scoop in the Spanish vessel. So many of her men had been shot that the two crews would be more nearly equal. So he boldly ran his vessel along-

side the big ship, and again boarded her. Then there was another great fight on the decks. The Spaniards had ceased to be triumphant; but they had become desperate, and in the furious combat ten of the pirates were killed and four wounded. But the Spaniards fared worse than that: more than half of the men who had not been shot by the pirates went down before their cutlasses and pistols; and it was not long before Bartholemy had captured the great Spanish ship.

It was a fearful and a costly victory he had gained. A great part of his own men were lying dead or helpless on the deck; and of the Spaniards only forty were left alive, and these, it appears from the accounts, must have been nearly all wounded or disabled.

It was a common habit among the buccaneers, as well as among the Spaniards, to kill all prisoners who were not able to work for them; but Bartholemy does not seem to have arrived at the stage of depravity necessary for this. So he determined not to kill his prisoners, but he put them all into a boat and let them go where they pleased; and then he was left with fifteen men to work a great vessel which really required a crew of five times that number.

But the men who could conquer and capture a ship against such enormous odds felt themselves fully capable of working her, even with their little crew. Before doing anything in the way of navigation, they cleared the decks of the dead bodies, taking from them all watches, trinkets, and money, and then went below to see what sort of a prize they had gained. They found it a very good one indeed. There were seventy-five thousand crowns in money, besides a cargo of cocoa worth five thousand more; and this, combined with the value of the ship and all its fittings, was a very great fortune for those days.

When the victorious pirates had counted their gains and had mended the sails and rigging of their new ship, they took what they wanted out of their own vessel, and left her to sink or to float, as she pleased; and then they sailed away in the direction of the island of Jamaica; but the winds did not suit them, and as their crew was so very small, they could not

take advantage of light breezes as they could have done if they had had men enough. Consequently they were obliged to stop to get water before they reached the friendly vicinity of Jamaica.

They cast anchor at Cape St. Anthony, on the west end of Cuba. After a considerable delay at this place, they started out again to resume their voyage; but it was not long before they perceived, to their dismay, three Spanish vessels coming toward them. It was impossible for a very large ship, manned by an extremely small crew, to sail away from these fully equipped vessels; and as to an attempt to defend themselves against the overwhelming power of the antagonists, that was too absurd to be thought of even by such a reckless fellow as Bartholemy. So when the ship was hailed by the Spanish vessels he lay to, and waited until a boat's crew boarded him. With the eye of a nautical man, the Spanish captain of one of the ships perceived that something was the matter with this vessel; for its rigging and sails were terribly cut up in the long fight through which it had passed, and of course he wanted to know what had happened. When he found that the great ship was in the possession of a very small body of pirates, Bartholemy and his men were immediately made prisoners, were taken on board the Spanish ship, were stripped of everything they possessed, even their clothes, and were shut up in the hold. A crew from the Spanish ships was sent to man the vessel which had been captured, and then the little fleet set sail for San Francisco in Campeachy.

An hour had worked a very great change in the fortunes of Bartholemy and his men. In the fine cabin of their grand prize they had feasted and sung, and had gloried over their wonderful success; and now, in the vessel of their captor, they were shut up in the dark, to be enslaved, or perhaps executed!

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### THE PIRATE WHO COULD NOT SWIM.

WHEN the little fleet of Spanish vessels, including the one which had been captured by Bartholemy Portuguese and his men, were on

their way to Campeachy, they met with very stormy weather, so that they were separated, and the ship which contained Bartholemy and his companions arrived first at the port for which they were bound.

The captain who had Bartholemy and the others in charge did not know what an important capture he had made; he supposed that these pirates were ordinary buccaneers, and it appears that it was his intention to keep them as his own private prisoners; for as they were all very able-bodied men, they would be extremely useful on a ship. But when his vessel was safely moored, and it became known in the town that he had a company of pirates on board, a great many people came from shore to see these savage men, who were probably looked upon very much as if they were a menagerie of wild beasts brought from foreign lands.

Among the sight-seers who came to the ship was a merchant of the town who had seen Bartholemy before, and who had heard of his various exploits. He therefore went to the captain of the vessel, and informed him that he had on board one of the very worst pirates in the whole world, whose wicked deeds were well known in various parts of the West Indies, and who ought immediately to be delivered up to the civil authorities. This proposal, however, met with no favor from the Spanish captain, who found Bartholemy a very quiet man, and could see that he was a very strong one, and he did not at all desire to give up such a valuable addition to his crew. But the merchant grew very angry, for he knew that Bartholemy had inflicted great injury on Spanish commerce; and as the captain would not listen to him, he went to the governor of the town and reported the case. When this dignitary heard the story he immediately sent a party of officers to the ship, and commanded the captain to deliver the pirate leader into their charge. The other men were left where they were, but Bartholemy was taken away and confined in another ship. The merchant, who seemed to know a great deal about him, informed the authorities that this terrible pirate had been captured several times, but that he had always managed to escape, and therefore he was put in irons, and preparations were made to execute

him on the next day, for from what he had heard, the governor considered that this pirate was no better than a wild beast, and that he should be put to death without even the formality of a trial.

But there was a Spanish soldier on board the ship who seemed to have had some pity, or perhaps some admiration, for the daring pirate; and he thought that if he were to be hung the next day, it was no more than right to let him know it, so that when he went in to take some food to Bartholemy, he told him what was to happen.

Now, this pirate captain was a man who always wanted to have a share in what was to happen, and he immediately racked his brain to find out what he could do in this case. He had never been in a more desperate situation, but he did not lose heart, and immediately set to work to free himself from his irons, which were probably very clumsy affairs. At last, caring little how much he scratched and tore his skin, he succeeded in getting rid of his fetters, and could move about as freely as a tiger in a cage. To get out of this cage was Bartholemy's first object. It would be comparatively easy, because in the course of time some one would come into the hold, and the athletic buccaneer thought that he could easily get the better of whoever might open the hatch.

But the next act in this truly melodramatic performance would be much more difficult, for in order to escape from the ship, it would be absolutely necessary for Bartholemy to swim to shore, and he did not know how to swim, which seems a strange failing in a hardy sailor with so many other nautical accomplishments. In the rough hold where he was shut up, our pirate, peering about, anxious and earnest, found two large earthen jars in which wine had been brought from Spain, and with these he determined to make a sort of life-preserver. He found some pieces of oiled cloth, which he tied tightly over the open mouths of the jars and then fastened these coverings with cords. He was satisfied that this unwieldy contrivance would support him in the water.

Among the things he had found in his rummagings about the hold was an old knife, and with this in his hand he now sat waiting for a

good opportunity to attack his sentinel. This came soon after nightfall; a man descended with a lantern to see that the prisoner was still secure (and let us hope that it was not the soldier who had kindly informed him of his fate), and as soon as he was fairly in the hold Bartholemy sprang upon him. There was a fierce struggle, but the pirate was quick and powerful, and soon overcame the sentinel. Then, carrying his two jars, Bartholemy climbed swiftly and noiselessly up the short ladder, came out on deck in the darkness, made a rush toward the side of the ship, and leaped overboard. For a moment he sank below the surface, but the two air-tight jars quickly rose and bore him up. There was a bustle on board the ship, there was some random firing of muskets in the direction of the splashing which the watch had heard; but none of the balls struck the pirate or his jars, and he soon floated out of sight and hearing. Kicking out with his legs, and paddling as well as he could with one hand, while he held on to the jars with the other, he at last managed to reach the land, and ran as fast as he could into the dark woods beyond the town.

Bartholemy was now greatly in fear that when his escape was discovered he would be tracked by bloodhounds, for these dogs were much used by the Spaniards in pursuing es-

caping slaves or prisoners, and he therefore did not feel safe in immediately making his way along the coast, which was what he wished to do. If the hounds should get upon his trail, he was a lost man. The desperate pirate therefore determined to give the bloodhounds no chance to follow him, and for three days he remained in a marshy forest, in the dark recesses of which he could hide, and where the water which covered the ground prevented the dogs from following his scent. He had nothing to eat except a few roots of water-plants; but he was accustomed to privation, and these kept him alive. Often he heard the hounds baying on the dry land adjoining the marsh, and sometimes he saw at night distant torches, which he was sure were carried by men who were hunting for him.

But at last the pursuit seemed to be given up, and hearing no more dogs and seeing no more flickering lights, Bartholemy left the marsh and set out on his long journey down the coast. The place he wished to reach was called Golpho Triste, which was forty leagues away, but there he had reason to suppose he would find some friends. When he came out from among the trees he mounted

a small hill and looked back upon the town. The public square was lighted, and there, in the middle of it, he saw the gallows which had been erected for his execution, and this sight doubtless animated him very much during the first part of his long journey.

The terrible trials and hardships which Bartholemy experienced during his tramp along



"THE PIRATE SOON FLOATED OUT OF SIGHT AND HEARING."



the coast were such as could have been endured only by one of the strongest and toughest of men. He had found in the marsh an old gourd, which he had filled with fresh water; and he had nothing but the raw shell-fish which he found upon the rocks. But after a diet of roots, shell-fish must have been a very agreeable change, and they gave him all the strength and vigor he needed. Very often he found streams and inlets which he was obliged to ford; and as he could see that they were always filled with alligators, the passage of them was not very pleasant. His method of getting across one of these narrow streams was to hurl rocks into the water until he had frightened away the alligators immediately in front of him, and then, he would dash in and hurry across.

At other times great forests stretched down to the very coast, and through these he was obliged to make his way, although he could hear the roars and screams of wild beasts all about him. But he was bound for Golpho Triste, and was not to be stopped on his way by anything alive.

But at last he came to something, not alive, which seemed to be an obstacle which would certainly get the better of him. This was a wide river flowing through the inland country into the sea. He made his way up the shore of this river for a considerable distance, but it grew but little narrower, and he could see no chance of getting across. He could not swim, and if he had been able to swim, he would probably have been eaten up by alligators soon after he left the shore. But he would not give up; he had done so much that he was ready to do more if he could only find out what to do.

Now a piece of very good fortune happened to him, although to an ordinary traveler it might have been considered a matter of no importance whatever. On the edge of the shore, where it had floated down from some region higher up the river, Bartholemy perceived an old board in which were some long and heavy rusty nails. Greatly encouraged by this discovery, Bartholemy carefully knocked all the nails out of the board, and then, finding a large flat stone, he rubbed down each one of them until he had formed it into the shape of a

rude knife-blade, which he made as sharp as he could. Then with these tools he undertook the construction of a raft. With the nails which he had sharpened, he cut down a number of small trees, and when he had enough of these slender trunks he bound them together with reeds and osiers which he found on the river-bank.

Thus after infinite labor and trial he constructed a raft which would bear him on the surface of the water. When he had launched this he got upon it, gathering up his legs so as to keep them out of reach of the alligators, and with a long pole pushed himself off from shore. Sometimes paddling and sometimes pushing his pole against the bottom, he at last got across the river and took up his journey upon dry land.

But our pirate had not progressed very far upon the other side of the river before he met with a new difficulty of a very formidable character. This was a great forest of mangrove trees, which grow in muddy and watery places, and which have many roots, some coming down from the branches, and some extending themselves in a hopeless tangle in the water and mud. It would have been impossible for even a stork to walk through this forest; but as there was no way of getting around it, Bartholemy determined to go through it, even if he could not walk. No athlete of the present day, could reasonably expect to perform the feat which this bold pirate successfully accomplished. For five or six leagues he went through that mangrove forest, never once setting his foot upon the ground,—by swinging himself by his hands and arms from branch to branch, as if he had been a great ape, resting only occasionally, drawing himself up on a stout limb where he might sit for a while and get his breath. If he had slipped while he was swinging from one limb to another, and had gone down into the mire and roots beneath him, it is likely that he would never have been able to get out alive. But he made no slips.

He might not have exhibited the agility and grace of a trapeze-performer, but his grasp was powerful and his arms were strong, and so he swung and clutched, and clutched and swung, until he had gone entirely through the forest and had come out on the open coast.

*(To be continued.)*

## TWO BIDDICUT BOYS

*And their Adventures with a Wonderful Trick Dog.*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[This story was begun in the December number.]

### V.

#### THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD "DOGGED."

A SPACE was cleared for the first exhibition of Cliff's wonderful trick-dog. Some of the spectators climbed upon the piled wood; one stood on the frame of the grindstone, another on the chopping-block, two or three sat on a board placed across the tops of empty barrels, and the rest of the boys filled up the ring.

In the midst stood Quint Whistler and Ike Ingalls, in the distinguished capacity of Cliff's counselors and assistants: thus favored because they had advanced money for the purchase. Dick Swan's mother had refused to let him lend his money, greatly to his disappointment; but he had the next place, on account of the good-will he had shown.

In the kitchen-door stood smiling Mrs. Chantry, with Susie clinging excitedly to her elbow. Amos and Trafton were on the steps below. The father's broad shoulders and straight-brimmed straw hat were defined against the afternoon light in the partly opened wood-shed door, the sarcastic smile still playing about his mouth.

Cliff held in one hand the end of the cord, which he had detached from the leg of the grindstone, and in the other a thin stick of pine kindlings. At his feet was the dog, couched on his paws, with his tongue out, looking complacent after his meal.

"Make him jump the first thing," said Ike Ingalls, proud of his part in the show. Then, turning to Mr. Chantry, Ike added: "He can jump over my head. He did it down on the shore."

"Get up, Sparkler!" Cliff commanded.

Sparkler lolled, without any apparent thought of stirring from his comfortable position.

"Say 'Look alive,'" Quint suggested, in a low voice.

"Look alive!" Cliff repeated, in a tone of authority.

As the trick-dog showed no disposition to obey, he gave the cord a jerk, which brought him to his feet.

"Now jump!" he said, holding his stick about eighteen inches from the floor, while Ike Ingalls made the nearest boys take a step or two backward, to give ample room for the leap.

But it was a useless trouble. Sparkler never moved.

"You hold it too high to begin with," said Quint.

So Cliff lowered the stick a few inches, and again commanded: "Jump now!" with no better result.

"Lower yet!" whispered Quint.

Cliff did so, and repeated his commands, at the same time jerking the cord, to rouse the wonderful trick-dog from his indifference. But Sparkler only lolled and looked stupid.

"Lay the stick on the floor," came from the whiskered face in the doorway. "Maybe he 'll walk over it."

The spectators began to titter. Cliff, confused, covered with perspiration and blushes, pulled the cord and knocked the dog's paws with the stick, repeating sharply, "Jump, I say!" But Sparkler hung back.

The mother's face wore a look of disappointment and of pity for her son's humiliation; but the whiskered visage in the doorway was wreathed with ironic smiles.

"He *can* jump, but he won't," said Ike Ingalls. "He 's balky."

"He 's showing us the origin of the word *doggied*," said the amused farmer.

"He did n't like it because you yanked him by the cord," Quint Whistler argued.

"Don't you remember his owner said you must never be rough with him?"

"I did n't think I was rough," Cliff replied.

He found a handkerchief somewhere in his pockets, and wiped his forehead, still looking down, with a face of perplexity and disgust, at the disobedient beast.

"Another thing he said, too, which I 'd forgotten," Quint proceeded—"he said he must be fed after a performance, not before. You could n't expect him to jump after a full meal."

"That 's so!" Cliff assented, with a long breath.

"Try making him sit up," said Dick Swan.

Cliff was averse to the attempt, in the present state of the canine appetite; but as Dick's suggestion was clamorously backed up by the crowd of boys, and there was still a possibility of the dog's redeeming his reputation, he stroked and coaxed him; and finally, remembering the late owner's word and gesture, threw up the hand that held the stick, and cried out cheerily:

"Look alive now! look alive, Sparkler!"

Sparkler looked anything but alive; on the contrary, he looked quite asleep, as he stretched himself out, closing his languid eyes, by the leg of the grindstone.

"What a wonderful dog! Oh, Cliff!" jeered the boys who had previously been most envious of his purchase. "Why don't you brag some more about him?"

"There, there, boys! don't make fun," said Mrs. Chantry. "And don't feel bad, my son. The best of us are liable to be deceived in a bargain."

"Say, Cliff! How much did you give?" asked his brother Amos.

The father laughed pitilessly.

"If he gave ten cents, he got swindled," was his cruel comment. "Now quit your nonsense, and come and help me mend the pig-pen. When I said you could go in swimming, I did n't expect you to bring home a beggarly pup to fool with all the afternoon."

Cliff stood for some moments with bent brows, eying the "dogged" dog with extreme discontent. When he raised his head, his father's unwelcome face had disappeared, and his mother

had drawn Susie back into the kitchen. The crowd was beginning to disperse, some laughing as they went, others lingering to hear what Cliff would have to say.

One lingered from a different motive: that was Ike Ingalls.

"If you 'd just as lieves pay me the three dollars and a half I lent you,"—he began, in a low voice, at Cliff's ear.

Cliff turned upon him a scornful scowl.

"I 'll pay you so quick it 'll make your head swim!" he exclaimed, loud enough for all to hear. "You were glad enough to lend it, and help me buy the dog, and you felt easy enough about it till you began to think I 'd been cheated. Ame, go up to my room and get my money-pouch out of the till of my chest; and say nothing to anybody."

"Don't mind about paying me," said Quint. "I would n't ask for my money even if I knew you 'd bought a worthless dog; but I don't believe you have. You could n't expect him to perform tricks in a crowd of strangers, before he 'd got well acquainted with you."

"No, he has n't got used to his new master," said Dick Swan, encouragingly. "I would n't come down on you for *my* money, would I? I 'm sorrier 'n I was before, ma would n't let me lend it to you."

"*You* 're all right, Dick; so is Quint," Cliff replied, his brows clearing. "So am I! I don't give him up as a bad job—not yet! His dinner made him logy; that 's what 's the matter. Then again, father looking on the way he did, made me nervous. I knew he was just waiting to laugh at me. Ten cents!" the boy repeated, with a dismal laugh.

"You never must be nervous when you are training an animal," Quint remarked. "That 's so with horses, and it must be so with dogs. He 'll come out all right, I know! If he don't, you need n't pay me back more than half my money; for it was partly my fault, your buying him."

"By jingo, Quint!" Cliff exclaimed, with a burst of grateful feeling, "you are a whole load of bricks! But I shall pay you every cent, all the same; some time, if not to-day. Give it here, Ame";—to the boy bringing the pouch of money.

Cliff untied the string, and began to count out silver half-dollars.

Ike, meanwhile, feeling that his eagerness to receive back his loan contrasted unfavorably with Quint's more generous conduct, and with what Dick would likewise have done in his place, looked furtively around for evidences of his own waning popularity on the faces of his companions.

"Here, Ike!" said Cliff, jingling seven half-dollars in his extended palm.

Ike was conscious of a chilly social atmosphere surrounding him; but he was nevertheless glad to see his money again.

"That 's all right, Ike," said Cliff, without any show of resentment. "I can give you a part of yours, Quint,—"

"No, leave it now," replied Quint. "Or—just as you say." And Cliff insisting, he took the last of the silver which Cliff withdrew from the pouch. "And don't worry about the rest; let it go till—what 's his name?—A. K. Winslow buys back his dog," he added, with a droll smile.

"Not a word, boys, about this money," Cliff cautioned his brothers. "I prefer to tell father myself. Now, fellows, I 've got to shut up here; sorry to turn you out, but—" tying

the dog's cord again firmly to the leg of the grindstone — "father wants me, and I 'm going to leave Master Sparkler to meditate upon his disgraceful conduct."

Having got the last of the boys out of the wood-shed, and shut the large outer door, he beckoned Quint to remain, and said to him confidentially:

"Can't you come around this evening? When everything is quiet, and he has digested his dinner, I am going to try him again, and



SPARKLER IN DISGRACE.

"I did n't want you to think I was in any hurry for my pay," he said, as he reached out his hand for it. "I thought—"

see if he 'll do his tricks any better on an empty stomach."

Quint readily agreed to come.

## VI.

"DID N'T I TELL YOU SO?"

WHILE the two were at work repairing the pig-pen, Mr. Chantry forbore to ask any questions regarding the "beggarly pup" his son had brought home.

"What he has to say about that will keep," Cliff reflected ruefully, remembering that the paternal remarks never lost any of their sharpness by being well thought over. That they were in preparation he could see by an occasional quiet smile in which his father indulged; but he was glad to have them kept in for the present.

"After I 've had another chance to try Sparkler," the boy said to himself, "then he may ask questions and have his joke."

Mr. Chantry was particularly fond of a joke at his children's expense. He never struck them, but his stinging ridicule was often worse than a whip.

"If Sparkler does n't sparkle next time, and I have to tell what I paid for him, won't I get it!" thought Cliff, watching the satirical quirk of the mouth in its parenthesis of long, fine whiskers.

The afternoon waned, they finished their work, and the subject uppermost in one mind, if not in both, was not once mentioned. At the supper-table Susie and the younger boys could talk of nothing but the dog in the wood-shed; and the mother scolded about it in her mild way, alternately blaming Cliff for bringing the creetur' home, and blaming the creetur' for ungratefully refusing to perform his tricks after he had been fed so bountifully.

"He 's been asleep almost ever since you left him," said Amos. "I should n't think he 'd had any more sleep than victuals lately. He would n't even open his eyes for me."

"I told you not to go near him," said Cliff, severely.

"I had to go there for an armful of wood," was the younger brother's excuse. "You 'll have to put him into a bandbox, if he 's too precious to be looked at or spoken to; or hang him in the well, as we do butter in hot weather, when we are out of ice."

The youngster's grin was a very good reduced copy of the father's amused, ironic smile.

Father and son were much alike, but for the paternal whiskers, and a difference of some thirty years in their ages.

After supper the cows were to be milked, and other evening chores to be done; and all the while the dog was left to his dreams and reflections in the darkening wood-shed. It was deep dusk when Quint Whistler strolled in at the front gate, and Cliff went out to meet him.

"How 's your ten-cent pup?" Quint inquired.

"He 's humble, and I hope penitent," said Cliff. "Now, if we can have him by ourselves, we 'll see whether he can perform tricks, or whether we 've dreamed it."

He let Quint into the wood-shed, and went to the kitchen for a lamp. This he brought, followed by the younger boys, whom he cautioned to "keep quiet and hold their tongues," if they wanted to see the show.

"Now, Sparkler," he said, proceeding to remove the cord from the collar, "remember what you promised Mr. Winslow, and be a good dog. Treat me well, and I 'll treat you well."

"I believe he understands," said Quint. "See how knowing he looks! I believe he 's laughing!"

"We 'll all laugh soon," Cliff exclaimed hopefully, looking for a suitable stick in the pile of kindling-wood. "Shut that door, Susie!"

"Father says bring the dog in," replied the girl, looking down from the kitchen doorway.

"Jehu! I can't do that," Cliff muttered. "It 'll spoil everything. Tell him I don't want to—just yet."

Susie disappeared, but returned with a peremptory message.

"He says bring him in, whether you want to or not. If there 's a show, he wants to see it."

"There won't be any show if I have him looking on and making fun," Cliff growled. "I suppose I shall have to, though. When he says a thing like that, he means it. You come too, Quint, and back me up. I know Sparkler won't do a thing!" And he threw down the stick in bitter discouragement.

To his surprise, Sparkler picked it up, and stood, with wagging tail, ready to follow him.



"See that! See that!" cried Amos and Trafton together. "He 's going to perform!"

"It looks more like it—sure!" said Cliff, thrilled with joyous expectation. "Out of the way, boys!" Then to Susie: "Have all the doors shut in there, for it 's a strange place, and there 's no knowing what he may do."

Preceded by the boys, and followed by Sparkler bearing the stick, Cliff entered the large, old-fashioned, lamp-lighted kitchen, Quint lagging awkwardly behind.

Mrs. Chantry at the same time came in from a room beyond, with a half-knitted stocking in her hand. The bright needles shone in the lamp-light, and a dark thread of yarn meandered down across her white apron to a pocket, a bulge in which showed where the ball was lodged. The kindly face was crinkled with smiles of anticipation, as she saw Sparkler trotting along with the stick in his teeth.

Backed up toward a corner under the clock sat Mr. Chantry in a splint-bottomed rocker, parting his long, fleecy side-whiskers away from his shaven mouth and chin with the fingers of both hands, as his frequent habit was when preparing for a little pleasantry at the expense of the youngsters. Cliff, without looking at him, perceived the motion, and knew that his father's lips were twitching and his eyes twinkling in a manner that boded mischief. But he determined not to be disconcerted.

"Come along, Quint!" he cried, with an air of confidence. "Ame, give him a chair."

"I 'm all right," said Quint, placing a flat stick across a corner of the wood-box, and sitting on it.

With his hat removed, exposing a high, robust forehead, he was a good-looking fellow, notwithstanding his disproportionate nose. He held his hat on his knee, and put an arm around Trafton, the youngest boy, who was standing at his side.

Cliff made his mother sit down, and placed a chair for himself beside the table. There was a hush of suspense, in which the old clock was heard ticking loudly, and the farmer's chair squeaking, as he rocked gently.

Cliff sat down, with the dog at his feet, and looking up inquiringly into his face.

"Sparkler," said he, "what are you going to do with that stick?"

Immediately Sparkler got on his hind legs, holding up the stick before his new master. The youngsters shrieked with delight.

"I declare, that 's complete!" said the mother, staying her hands, which had begun to ply the knitting-needles vigorously.

Mr. Chantry stopped rocking; he even stopped stroking his whiskers.

Trembling with joy, yet almost afraid to ask anything else of the dog, Cliff took the stick. Sparkler sat erect, with his fore paws at his breast, his bright, soft eyes wistfully studying his young master's face.

"Are you going to jump for me?" Cliff asked, in a tone of affectionate comradeship.

The dog's whole body gave an eager start, his tail wagged, and one paw dropped.

"That means 'yes,'" Quint interpreted, from his seat on the wood-box.

Cliff could hardly keep from hugging the animal, so intense was his delight.

"Jump, then!" he said, holding out the stick. Sparkler leaped over it. "Higher!" he cried, suiting the action to the word. "Higher yet! Higher!" At each command, with its accompanying upward movement of the stick, the dog leaped to and fro with extraordinary liveliness, describing at each rebound a loftier curve.

"Did n't I tell you so?" cried Cliff, triumphantly, with tears of pride and joy shining in his eyes. "He could jump over Ame's head, but I won't have him try on this hard floor."

"Oh, yes, let him," said Amos. "I never had a dog jump over my head."

"Well, bring a rug for him to come down on," said Cliff.

But, seeing that Sparkler was panting, Quint suggested that he should be allowed to rest a minute.

"Winslow," he said, "always let him rest between his tricks. He 's a beauty, is n't he, boys!"

Mrs. Chantry joined with the children in praising Sparkler's nimbleness and docility. Her husband forgot his whiskers, forgot his sarcasms, and leaned forward, with his arms on the arms of the chair, hardly less interested than the rest, although still wary of committing him-

self by any word of approval. The dog might yet make a failure, and give him an opportunity to get in some of his cutting remarks.

## VII.

### CLIFF TRIUMPHANT.

THE rug being put in place, and Sparkler having recovered his breath, he made the leap over Ame's head, in a manner that elicited applause from everybody but the non-committal farmer.

"Now roll over!" said Cliff; which Sparkler promptly did, choosing the rug for his performance. Then Cliff cried, "Look alive!" and Sparkler was erect before him in a moment. "Give me a handkerchief, somebody!"

Susie gave him hers, and he wrapped it around the end of the stick, which he set up between his feet.

"That's supposed to be a fire, and he's going to warm his hands. Warm your hands, Sparkler!" — which the dog did, sitting erect before the handkerchief, and holding up his paws before it, with amusing mimicry.

"How's that for a ten-cent pup?" Quint asked in his dry way, as soon as the tumult of admiring exclamations had subsided.

"Ten cents!" exclaimed Mrs. Chantry. "You don't mean to say that's what you paid?"

Cliff said nothing, but sat patting Sparkler's head, and breathing fast with excitement.

"That's the price father guessed, and he

told Cliff he got cheated if he paid it," tittered Amos, while the father smiled, and watched the dog.

"Now I'll try his great trick, though I'm by no means sure it will succeed," said Cliff. "How is it, Sparkler?" Sparkler sat up. "Will you do your best?"

He dropped one of his fore paws affirmatively; and the children cried out in jubilant chorus: "He will! He says he will!"

Then Cliff laid in a row on the floor, before



"CLIFF GAVE HIM THE RUG TO LIE ON, AND MADE HIM FAST TO THE FRAME OF THE GRINDSTONE."

the kitchen sink, the handkerchief, the stick, and one of the boy's hats, calling each article by name as he placed it.

"Now, father," he said, when all was arranged, "which shall he fetch?"

Before Mr. Chantry could speak—the boys clamored for the hat; and Mrs. Chantry said: "Yes, Cliff, I'd like to see him fetch the hat."

Sparkler looked up inquiringly at Cliff.

"Fetch the hat," said Cliff; and the dog brought the hat and put it into his hands.

"It is past belief!" Mrs. Chantry exclaimed. "There's witchery in it!"

"The witchery is in his superior knowingness," said Cliff proudly. "You've no idea how bright he is. Fetch the stick, Sparkler!"

Sparkler brought the stick. Then Cliff replaced all the articles, and asked his father for a piece of money. Mr. Chantry hesitated, lifting his brows quizzically; but finally produced a half-dollar. Cliff took it and placed it under the hat.

"He'll go for that, of course," said Amos.

"You'll see," Cliff answered. "Ask for anything else."

So Amos named the handkerchief, which Sparkler brought, after waiting for his master to repeat the order. Then Cliff said, "Fetch the money"—which the dog did, after some trouble in getting the coin between his teeth.

Then Mr. Chantry for the first time opened his lips; not, however, to utter sarcasms.

"How did you say you came by that dog?"

"A man named Winslow sold him to me, this afternoon, down by Gibson's ice-house."

"I can't conceive of the owner selling a dog like that for any such price as a boy like you is likely to give," said Mr. Chantry gravely. "There must be some hidden reason."

"Oh, he told us the reason," Cliff replied.

"He was out of money; and he was on his way to his mother in Michigan. He was clerk in the big hotel in Bennington when it was burned, two weeks ago; he lost everything by the fire, and was obliged to part with the dog."

"Big hotel in Bennington?"

"Yes; the Stark Hotel, was n't it, Quint?"

"Stark Hotel in Bennington?" pondered the farmer. "There may be a Stark Hotel there, for General Stark was in the battle of Bennington. Yet that's a small town, and I don't know what they should want of a big hotel there."

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"Maybe for summer boarders," Mrs. Chantry suggested.

"Possibly. But if any such great hotel has been burned lately, we should have seen something of it in the papers. And if he was on his way to Michigan, what brought him here?" Mr. Chantry argued. "This is out of his way."

"He did n't explain that," said Cliff. "Oh, I remember!—he was going to stop in Buffalo, where he has friends."

"That does n't better the matter. I'm afraid there's some crookedness in the business. Ah!" Mr. Chantry had taken hold of the dog's collar, and was examining it. "No name, but here's a place for one."

The strap was of maroon-colored leather, ornamented with a row of nickel studs set about an inch and a half apart. There were, however, two vacancies in this row: one where the collar buckled at the throat, the other where, instead of the studs, there were two rivet-holes in the leather.

"I noticed those holes," said Quint; "and I supposed two of the studs had been lost out."

"It looks to me," said the farmer, "as if there had been a name-plate here, and as if it had been picked off. I'll wager something, the fellow stole the dog!"

"I can't think that," exclaimed Cliff. "He was very particular to put it into the bargain that he was to have the privilege of buying him back. He made me give that to him in writing."

"And did he give you any writing?"

"Yes; a regular bill of sale."

"Let me see it."

The paper was produced. Mr. Chantry read the writing carefully, and mused.

"So you gave ten dollars in cash?" he said, lifting his eyes, and looking straight at Cliff.

"Is n't he worth it?"

"I should say he was, and a good deal more. I don't at all approve of you buying him without my advice and consent; but 't was a temptation, and I sha'n't whale you for it." All the children laughed at what appealed to them as a good joke,—Mr. Chantry not being in the habit of "whaling" his boys. "Did you have money enough to pay for him?"

"I still owe a little that I borrowed of Quint," Cliff answered.

"Pay it up," said his father, taking out his pocket-book.

But Cliff declined the proffered assistance.

"Quint is willing to wait," he said. "And I don't want anybody to have a claim on the dog except me—and Mr. Winslow. All I'm afraid of is that he'll come to get him back."

"I guess you'd better feed him a little now, had n't you?" said his mother. "He can have some bread and milk as well as not."

"Let's have some more tricks first!" pleaded the youngsters.

"Well, just one or two, to please the children," she assented.

"Oh, ma!" Susie laughed, "you want to see the tricks just as much as we do!"

Cliff was glad to put Sparkler again through some of his performances. Then the dog was petted and fed, and taken back to the woodshed. Cliff gave him the rug to lie on, and patted him, and talked to him, as he slipped the cord once more through his collar, and made him fast to the frame of the grindstone.

"I sha'n't have to do this many times more," he said to his friend Quint, standing by. "But for a while it's best to be on the safe side. Forgive me, Sparkler."

Taking affectionate leave of the dog, who licked his hand, he went out with Quint, and walked home with him, and they talked for half an hour longer, standing at Quint's gate.

"Well, good-night, Quint!" Cliff said at parting. "Has n't it been a great day? I owe ever so much to you!"

Then he returned home. He took a last peep at his prize curled up on the rug in the woodshed; saw that everything was quiet, and all doors fast; said "Good-night" to his mother in a voice thrilling with happiness, received from her hand a candle she had lighted for him, and went up-stairs to bed. He was soon asleep, and dreaming of dogs that could swim in the air and balance poles on their noses.

### VIII.

#### ONE OF SPARKLER'S TRICKS.

WHEN Cliff awoke in the morning, Sparkler was the first thing in his thoughts. He hurriedly put on his clothes, and hastened down-

stairs, eager to learn how his pet had passed the night; also to assure himself that the wonderful creature was a reality, and not a part of his vanished dreams.

He was astonished to meet Amos at the foot of the stairs. The boy was frightened, and hardly able to speak.

"What's the matter?" Cliff demanded.

"Gone!" Amos whimpered.

"Who's gone? What's gone?"

"The dog!"

"Not my trick-dog—not Sparkler?" Cliff exclaimed, in wild consternation.

"Yes! skedaddled!" said Amos. "I was hurrying to tell you."

"Who let him go?" Cliff asked fiercely, rushing past him.

"I did n't mean to," whined Amos. "I thought he was tied. I just opened the door to look at him, and he ran into the kitchen. That door was open, and he ran out."

"He *was* tied! Who untied him? Where is he?"

Cliff was already out of the house. At the corner of the woodshed he met his mother, pale with excitement.

"Which way did he go?" he demanded, hardly pausing for her reply as he ran past her.

"Down the road—toward the village," she answered, catching her breath. "He had a piece of the cord tied to his collar."

"A piece of it?" cried Cliff, turning back.

"Yes; just a few inches. I was standing by the stove when he went by me like a flash; in at one door and out of the other, in an instant. I had just time to follow and get another glimpse of him before he was out of sight."

Cliff hurried to the woodshed to examine the cord. He found one end tied to the grindstone, as he had left it; but Sparkler was off with the end fastened to his collar.

"He has gnawed it in two!" Cliff moaned.

Much the longer piece remained attached to the grindstone. With sudden resolution he untied it, twisted it into a loose ball, and thrust it into his pocket.

"What are you going to do?" his mother asked, as he was hurrying from the woodshed.

"Follow him! Find him and bring him back!"

"Eat your breakfast first," she entreated.

"I have n't a minute's time!" he declared.

"You may be away longer than you think. I'll give you something to put in your pocket."

"Hurry up, then!"

He went with her into the kitchen, and came out presently with a piece of berry-pie in his hand, and his pockets bulging. He met his father approaching from the barn.

"What 's the trouble?" cried the farmer.

"What 's the matter now?"

"My dog!" said Cliff. "He has gnawed off his cord and got away. Ame opened the door."

"Bah!" exclaimed his father. "That 's one of his tricks his owner did n't tell you of. You never 'll see him again."

"Yes, I will. He won't go farther than the Junction, where Winslow was to take the train. Or, if he does, I can trace him."

"Let me go too!" Amos entreated. "I can leg it as fast as Cliff can."

"No, no!" said Mr. Chantry. "It 's bad enough to have one boy start off on such a wild-goose chase. You 'd better not go far, Cliff." But Cliff was out of hearing, past the gate. "I would n't have had it happen for a good deal; I took quite a notion to that dog. Come, Amos. You must help about the chores."

"I let him out, and I ought to go and help find him," said Amos, making a merit of his share in the accident.

Just then the youngest son appeared, with hair uncombed, staring wildly, and highly incensed because he had been allowed to sleep at a time of such excitement.

"Any other morning I 'd have been called six times!" he complained. "Why did n't you ketch him, ma, when he shot by you?"

"I might as well have tried to ketch a streak of lightning by the tail," replied his mother. "I just heard a pattering sound, and he was out in a jiffy. He 's a mile away by this time, I warrant!"

## IX.

### CLIFF IN PURSUIT.

CLIFF ran fast until he came in sight of Quint Whistler's home, on the outskirts of the village, and saw Quint himself standing in the

open barn door. Quint's father, a mason and contractor, had just driven away to look after some business in an adjoining town, leaving Quint to shut up the barn and take care of the premises.

"Quint! Quint!" called Cliff from the street. "My dog has got away!"

"Got away!" Quint called back, beginning to walk fast toward the gate. "Which way did he go!"

"Right past your place here; at least he started this way. He 'll most likely go straight to the shore where he saw his master last, and then try to track him." Cliff stopped to gather breath, and added, "I 'm so glad I've found you. Come along, won't you, and help me hunt him?"

"I don't know," said Quint doubtfully. "As I was off yesterday afternoon, I 'm expected to do some hoeing in the garden this morning. That 's the order, and it seems only reasonable."

"So was I expected to work to-day," said Cliff. "But I can make it up; and I 'll help you for all the time you lose. We may overhaul him in an hour."

"And it may take all day. Besides, I have n't had my breakfast," was Quint's objection.

"Neither have I! Take a bite in your hand and something in your pocket, as I have," said Cliff.

As he spoke, Cliff seemed to remember the wedge of pie he carried, which he had n't yet thought of eating. He took a deep mouthful, staining his lips with the juice of the berries with which it was filled; while Quint, as deliberate in thought and action as his friend was impetuous, balanced considerations.

"Of course I must help you out of this," he said at length. "I 'll be with you in a minute."

He entered the house, and presently came out, stuffing the side pockets of his coat with doughnuts.

"Whether it's to be a long or a short chase," he said, "you can count me in. I helped you buy him, and I 'll stick by you as long as there 's a chance of running him down."

And the chase began.

(To be continued.)





BY JOHN BENNETT.

"HULLEE, hullo!" cried little John,  
 "It is a Monday morn.  
 I see the sheep upon the hill;  
 I hear the shepherd's horn.  
 I'll take my good long bow of yew;  
 I'll take my arrows bright;  
 I'll find some merry tale to tell  
 Before the fall of night."  
 Then he hath donned his garb of green,  
 And to the woods is gone —  
 All underneath the merry greenwood  
 Went sturdy Little John.

Away he went by field and fen,  
 By hollow and by hill;  
 The dun deer in the green fern  
 Lay shivering and still.  
 He had not gone through merry Sherwood  
 Two miles or scarcely three,

When he was 'ware of a little young maid  
 Weeping against a tree.  
 She was clad all in linen white,  
 A ribboned stave she bore,  
 A rose-garland was on her head,  
 Yet still she weepeth sore.

"Why dost thou weep, sweetheart?" he cried,  
 "And wash thy cheeks away?  
 Why dost thou weep so bitterly  
 On such a bonny day?"  
 Her heart stood still with deadly fear,  
 She scanned him o'er and o'er;  
 But when she saw his merry blue eye  
 She feared that man no more.  
 "I was the Queen of May," she said,  
 "But all the rest are gone;  
 And who can play at queens alone?"  
 Then up spake Little John:



LITTLE JOHN MEETS THE LITTLE MAID.

"Cheer up, sweetheart; the sun doth shine;  
It is the month of May;  
Take no more thought on bitterness  
Till thou art old and gray.  
If thou wouldst play at being queen,  
Then make no more ado:  
I am the Khan of Tartary,  
And I will play with you.  
We 'll hunt the deer on hill and dale;  
I 'll fly a shaft for thee;  
We 'll rest beside a little brown brook  
Beneath the greenwood tree."

Then he hath taken her in his arms,  
Like a little bird to his breast,  
And smileth behind his yellow beard  
At such a merry jest;  
For never a sight like this was seen  
Beneath the greenwood tree —  
Bold Little John a-serving gone,  
A nursemaid for to be!  
"Who is thy father, sweetheart?  
And who is thy good dame?"  
"My father is Sheriff of Nottingham,  
And Nell is my mother's name."

Now Little John's brown face is grim,  
And he hath grasped his knife;  
For the proud Sheriff of Nottingham  
Hath sworn to have his life.  
But up spake then the Sheriff's daughter,  
And leaned upon his knee:  
"Art thou afeard of the wild outlaws  
That in the forest be?"

Then loud laughed sturdy Little John —  
Then loud and long laughed he:  
"I do not fear the wild outlaws,  
No more than they fear me."

"I fear bold Robin Hood so," she said,  
"I dare not sleep at night;  
And when I dream of Little John,  
I waken in affright."  
Then loud laughed sturdy Little John —  
Then loud and long laughed he:  
"Have no more fear of Little John  
Than thou hast fear of me.  
He is a stout and sturdy knave,  
But no more wild than I;  
And if it did not bite him first  
He would not harm a fly."

"And of bold Robin Hood,"  
said he,  
"Now be no  
more adrad;  
For a kinder heart  
than Robin  
Hood's  
No woman ever  
had."

Now they are gone  
by sunny dale,  
By green and  
leafy nook;



HE TALKS WITH HER.



THEY DANCE AMONG THE DAFFODILS.



HE TALKS OF ROBIN HOOD.

They dance among the daffodils  
That smile beside the brook.  
Through Sherwood forest deep and green  
Together they are gone:  
The dun deer on the uplands stood  
And stared at Little John.

He made a horse of his broad back  
And pranced along the bank;  
He made a bowl of his tall hat,  
And out of it she drank.  
He made a throne of ferns and moss;  
He wove a primrose crown;  
And bound his baldric for a sash  
About her linen gown.  
He gathered sweet-flag in the brook,  
And spice-roots in the wood;  
He sat beside her in the grass,  
And talked of Robin Hood.

Anon he sang a merry song  
About a merry man  
Who went to sleep in London town,  
And woke in Ispahan;  
And when he found that he  
was lost,  
Just covered up his head,  
Woke up again in London  
town,

A-tumbling out of bed!  
The Sheriff's daughter clapped  
her hands,  
And merrily she cried:

"I never had such a good playmate  
In all the  
world be-  
side!

"Wilt thou not  
come to  
my father's  
house,  
And be  
my father's  
man?"

"Nay, I must  
return to  
Tartary,  
And conquer  
Ispahan.

Two hundred merry men there be  
Who follow in my train,



HE BLOWS HIS BUGLE-HORN.



NOTTINGHAM FOLK WERE ALL ASTIR.

All rich in cloth of gold and green  
 As any don in Spain.  
 My army is of Tartars fierce,  
 Three hundred thousand strong.  
 Five thousand camels all are mine—  
 Unless I count them wrong.

"The under side of all the sea  
 Is mine — when it gets dry."  
 The Sheriff's daughter looked at him,  
 And doubt was in her eye.  
 "Upon my word," cried Little John,—  
 And wondrous grave he grew,—  
 "If I be Khan of Tartary,  
 I'll swear the rest is true!"  
 Then straight he took his bugle-horn,  
 And loud began to blow,  
 Until a score of outlaws bold  
 Came running in a row.

Out rang the bells of Nottingham;  
 Astir was all the town;



OUT STEPPED A STURDY YEOMAN.

The women wept;  
 the cripples  
 crept;  
 The men ran  
 up and down.  
 Some shouted  
 here; some  
 shouted  
 there;  
 Some went with  
 bated breath:  
 For the Sheriff of  
 Nottingham's  
 daughter was  
 lost,  
 And the Sheriff  
 was pale as  
 death.

And he hath offered a golden horn  
 And a purse of an hundred pound  
 To whoso findeth his daughter dear  
 And bringeth her safe and sound.

Now the warder stands at the city  
 gate,  
 With his hand above his eye:  
 A band is coming from merry Sherwood,  
 As straight as a crow can fly.

"What ho! thou  
 warder of  
 Nottingham!  
 Bring hither  
 thy Sheriff to  
 me."

The Sheriff is  
 come to the  
 city gate,  
 With all of his  
 company.

"Who calls for the  
 Sheriff of  
 Nottingham?  
 Who calls for  
 the Sheriff so  
 keen?"

Out stepped a  
 sturdy yeo-  
 man,

Clad all in Lincoln green.



THE SHERIFF COMES TO THE GATE.

Clad all in Lincoln green was he,  
 And his face was fair and bold;  
 A long brown sword hung by his side,  
 And its hilt was wound with gold.  
 "Now who art thou?" the Sheriff  
 cries,  
 And his lips are white with foam.  
 "I am the Khan of Tartary,  
 Bringing thy daughter home."



THE SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER RIDES IN STATE.



THE SHERIFF GREETES THE "KHAN OF TARTARY."

Then out stepped two tall bowmen,  
Clad all in gold and green,  
With their long bows over their shoulders,  
And a litter swung between.

"My daughter!" cried the Sheriff,  
"Oh, tell me she is not dead!"  
Up rose the Sheriff's daughter,  
With a garland upon her head.  
"Why do ye weep, dear father?  
And why so pale?" she cried,  
"And why do ye come to the city gate,  
With your company by your side?  
I have been the Queen of the merry  
May,  
All under the greenwood tree;  
I have been to the court of Prester John  
With the Khan of Tartary!"

Now the Sheriff hath come to the outer  
gate,  
And the Sheriff can hardly stand:  
He hath met with the Khan of Tartary,  
And hath taken him by the hand;

And he feareth that he shall have tasted  
death  
Ere he go through that gate again;  
For the hand that he holdeth is Little  
John's,  
And the men are Robin Hood's men.  
"How now, Sir Sheriff! Why tremble  
so?  
And why so woe-begone?  
It is not bale for a man to look  
In the face of Little John."

The sun hath set; the twilight falls;  
The birds have gone to rest;  
The Sheriff of Nottingham sits by the  
fire,  
His daughter held fast to his breast.  
"I have been the Queen of the May," she  
sighs,—  
His face she cannot see,—



THE SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER HOME AGAIN.

"I have been to the court of Prester John  
With the Khan of Tartary."  
The dun deer run in merry Sherwood;  
Yet ere the week is gone  
There cometh a purse and a golden horn  
From the Sheriff to Little John.



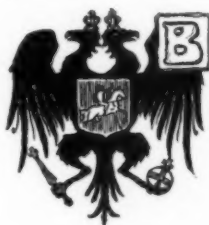


# BABOUSCKA

A RUSSIAN LEGEND

OF CHRISTMAS.

By  
EDITH M. THOMAS.



ABOUSCKA sits before the fire,  
Upon a winter's night.

The driving winds heap up the snow,

Her hut is snug and tight;

The howling winds, they only make  
Babouscka's fire more bright!

She hears a knocking at the door,  
So late — who can it be?  
She hastes to lift the wooden latch  
(No thought of fear has she);  
The wind-blown candle in her hand  
Shines out on strangers three.

Their beards are white with age, and snow  
That in the darkness flies;  
Their floating locks are long and white,  
But kindly are the eyes  
That sparkle underneath their brows,  
Like stars in frosty skies.

"Babouscka, we have come from far;  
We tarry but to say,  
A little Prince is born this night  
Who all the world shall sway.  
Come join the search; come, go with us  
Who go these gifts to pay."

Babouscka shivers at the door:  
"I would I might behold  
The little Prince who shall be King;  
But ah, the night is cold,



The wind so fierce, the snow so deep,  
And I, good sirs, am old!"

The strangers three, no word they speak,  
But fade in snowy space. . . .

Babouscka sits before the fire,  
And looks with wistful face:

"I wish that I had questioned them,  
So I the way might trace!"

"When morning comes, with blessed light,  
I'll early be awake.

My staff in hand, I'll go—perchance,  
Those strangers overtake.

And for the Child, some little toys  
I'll carry for his sake."

The morning came, and, staff in hand,  
She wandered in the snow;

And asked the way of all she met,  
But none the way could show.  
"It must be farther yet," she sighed;  
"Then farther will I go."

And still, 't is said, on Christmas eve,  
When high the drifts are piled,  
With staff, and basket on her arm,  
Babouscka seeks the Child.

At every door her face is seen—  
Her wistful face and mild!

At every door her gifts she leaves,  
And bends, and murmurs low,  
Above each little face half hid

By pillows white as snow:  
"And is *He* here?"—then softly sighs:  
"Nay; farther must I go!"

## THEIR COLORS.

BY ETHEL PARTON.

THEY perched in a row on the garden-  
gate,

Little lads two and one little maid,  
Bobby and Benny and serious Kate,  
Thoughtfully watching a rainbow fade.

"Which of the colors do you like best?"

Serious Kate in the silence said.  
Bob's round eyes followed from east to  
west

The marvelous arch, and he answered,  
"Red;

"Because it's the brightest. Which do  
you!"

Kate considered; but Ben replied,  
"Blue's the prettiest—I like blue;  
And mother says it's the best, beside.

"The sea and the sky are both of 'em blue,  
And the prettiest flowers, and the baby's  
eyes;

So she likes it best, and I like it too—  
And it's better than red," says Ben  
the wise.

But then spoke Kate with a long, long  
stare—

A puzzled stare—at the fading bow:  
"The color I like best is n't there—  
*My* color is eatable brown, you know."

"Your color is *what*?" cried Bobby and  
Ben,

Forgetting the claims of blue and red,  
And "eatable brown," said Kate again,  
"Like m'lasses candy and gingerbread,—

"And fried potatoes, and buckwheat cakes,  
And maple sugar and chocolate creams,  
And the crispy cookies that gran'ma makes,  
And buns, and crullers. It almost seems

"As if goodies were *always* brown," said  
she —  
Kate with the soulful eyes and sweet,

"And that 's why I like it the best, you see —  
Because it 's the color that 's nice to eat!"

One little maiden and little lads two  
Solemnly all from the gate climbed down;  
Forgotten the claims of the red and the  
blue,—  
They raided the pantry for eatable brown.



## THE PARROT'S RESOLUTION.

it was a week after Christmas. The children were good too, for they had made a resolution not to quarrel; and everything was pleasant in the nursery, where the parrot's cage hung.

But the next day Harry teased Kitty by taking away her playthings. Kitty was cross, and said, "Stop! You're horrid!"

Then Harry pulled away her new picture-book and sat on it.

"I'll tell mama," she said. "Ma-ar-mar!" she roared, "make Harry stop!"

"Telltale!" said Harry. Then Kitty slapped him so that it hurt, and both began to cry.

The parrot listened in surprise. Then, seeing that they had broken their resolution, he thought he must do the same (for parrots can only imitate people). So he began to scream out: "Stop! Horrid thing! Telltale! Boo-ho-oo! Ma-ar-mar!"

"What is all this?" said mama, coming in. "I thought you promised not to quarrel."

The children were much ashamed. They stopped crying and made up with each other.

But the parrot kept on screaming: "Horrid! Stop! Boo-hoo! Mar-mar! Horrid! Stop! Boo-hoo! Mar-mar!" till everybody was tired of hearing him.

But of course *he* did n't know any better.

*Helen F. Lovett.*

**T**HE Parrot had been listening to the talk about good resolutions, for everybody had been making some for the New Year. Now, parrots always try to imitate people, so he made one, too. That is what he was thinking of as he smoothed his beak with his claw.

"I won't scream or say any ugly words," he said to himself. "I will say only nice, funny things. Then they won't threaten to send me away."

So all New Year's day and part of the next he kept saying, "Happy New Year!" "Glad to see you!" "Polly wants a cracker." "Get up, horsey!" and tried to say, "T was the night before Christmas," which he had been taught — for of course he could n't know that really

## WITH THE BLACK PRINCE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[This story was begun in the November number.]

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE CASTLE OF BRUYERRE.

SPLendid to look upon was the advance of King Edward's army, with its banners, its mail-clad horsemen, its winding rivers of shields, and the flashing of the sunlight on helmets, and on points of polished steel.

The roads were dusty, but their dryness gave good footing, and all wagon-wheels rolled well. There was a hindrance in the narrowness of all the Normandy highways and byways, for it compelled Edward to divide his forces and send them forward by several lines of march. His being there could not be known to Philip of France, at once, for the great French army was in Gascony, beleaguering the stout Earl of Derby and his forces. There was, therefore, no power to block the progress of the English invaders, but each of their divisions had somewhat to contend with. There were walled towns and there were fortresses. In some of these were not only garrisons, but much plunder, and their taking was required by the military plans of the king. His generalship was greatly exhibited in this, that by landing so unexpectedly in Normandy, and by then marching straight across country, as if his aim were to take Paris, he compelled Philip to loosen his grip upon the army of the Earl of Derby, and to march his mighty host with all speed to the saving of his own capital.

Town after town surrendered to Edward, and many castles opened their gates without a fight, yet not all. The country people suffered sorely, for the army required much in the way of provisions, but the scourge of war fell most heavily upon the rich, and on such as made resistance.

As for Richard Neville, he was now hon-

ored with the command of a goodly detachment. With him, as before on the *Golden Horn*, were men-at-arms and footmen of every kind, for so had the king ordered for all parts of his advance.

It was many days after the landing at La Hogue that the heir of Wartmont found himself so far separated from the main body of the king's army that it was almost as if he were invading that part of Normandy by himself, in command of a small army of his own.

"My lord," said a man-at-arms who rode at his side, "if thou wilt permit the question, art thou sure of thy direction? Were we to stray too far, we might meet with reproof or worse."

"This is the road that Sir Geoffrey Harcourt bade me take," replied Richard. "But I would we had a guide."

They were well in advance of their little column, and they rode out over the brow of a low hill and from under the shadow of over-arching trees.

"My lord of Wartmont!" loudly exclaimed the man-at-arms, "look yonder. Shall we not push forward?"

Before them lay a deep, narrow valley, with many cots and vineyards scattered up and down the stream which wandered through it. Directly across the hollow, however, there was a sight worth seeing. High and rock-bordered was that northward hillside, but on its crown was a fortress that was half a church, with a walled town beyond the foot of the castle. High and precipitous were the granite cliffs, high were the towers of the castle, but into the sunset light above them all arose the cross-tipped steeple of the church.

On the side of the outer wall of the town on the hill was a great gate, and over it floated, as also on the donjon keep of the castle, near the town gate, the golden lilies of the royal standard of France, streaming out against the sky.

"We will not go forward," said Richard. "We will halt, rather. No force like ours can do aught with a fort like that. Nor shall we now surprise them. Some captain of high rank is in command, for there is the *fleur-de-lis* flag."

"My lord, there was the blast of a horn!" said Ben o' Coventry, from the archer ranks.

"Thou hast keen hearing," Richard replied, as again the mellow music came faintly up the road; "that horn calls us to wait for the force that follows."

At the word of command, the horsemen drew rein and the footmen stood at rest. They had not long to wait.

A splendid black horse, and on him a rider in black armor came spurring along the narrow highway accompanied only by a page.

"It is the Prince!" exclaimed Richard. "What does he here alone?"

So loudly was it spoken, and so near was the young royal hero of England, that the answer came from his own lips.

"Not alone am I, Richard Neville, but I have outridden Wakeham to speed on and warn thee not to show thyself beyond the ridge, lest thou warn the warders of Bruyere that we are at hand. Halt, thou and thine!"

"My lord Prince Edward, we are halted, with that very thought in mind," respectfully answered Richard. "But is yonder place Bruyere?"

"It is, indeed," said the Prince. "'T is a stronghold since the days of Norman Rollo. Duke Robert also was besieged there once."

"How, then, shall we take it?" came regretfully from Richard's lips. "It were not well to leave it untaken."

"That will we not," said Edward, "and glad am I to have thee with me. For that end we sent thee ahead. Sir Henry and I had few enough of men, and they are mostly men-at-arms. We need thy Irish kerns,\* and thy Welsh, and thy bowmen."

"Here they come, my lord!" Guy the Bow announced from among the archers. "They all are riding hard as if for a charge."

A brave array of knights and gentlemen in full armor came fast through dust-clouds of

their own raising. Beside the foremost horseman rode one who carried no arms at all. On his head was the plain cap of a tradesman, and from under it long, white hair came down to his shoulders. He rode firmly, despite his years, however, and there was a kind of eager light upon his deeply wrinkled face.

"All is well!" he exclaimed. "My lord of Wakeham, the Prince reached them in time, and they are halted."

"Ay, and I would there were more of them," replied Sir Henry. "Our own footmen are long miles behind and the day is waning."

"We need night, not day, for the taking of Bruyere," said the old man, gloomily. "Even now we were wise to get into some safe hiding. There is a forest glen to the right of where the Prince is waiting."

In a few minutes more, Sir Henry rode to the side of the Prince and held out a hand to Richard.

"Thy men are in good condition," he said. "And that is as it should be, for they have sharp work before them."

"Ready are we," said Richard, but his eyes were upon the face of the white-haired man.

He sat in silence, gazing across the valley at the towers and walls of the fortress, and he seemed moved by strong emotions.

"What sayest thou, Giles Monson?" asked the Prince. "Are there changes?"

"In me, my Prince," responded Giles, "but not in yonder town. A Christian man am I, this day, and it is not given me to judge, but I am true Englishman. With an honest heart and in good faith did I bring steel wares from Sheffield to the wicked Lord of Bruyere. False and cruel was he, a robber and a villain. He laughed at me, when once I was in his power. Fourteen years was I a prisoner in yonder keep, and I grew old before my time. Behold the scars of fetters on my wrists. Then was I a beggar and a starveling in the town for three years more, watched always and beaten oft. But I learned every inch of yonder hill, and at last I made my escape. By the path along which I left Bruyere, can I guide this army in. But there must be ladders stronger than the cord I came down upon."

\*The kern was a light-armed foot-soldier, who usually carried a spear and knife.



"A dozen are with our own foot-soldiers," said Sir Walter. "But haste now, lest we be discovered from the castle."

All riders were dismounting, and Richard went into the woods with his forestmen to seek the glen spoken of by Giles. It was not far to find, and it led on down into the valley.

The forest growth was old and dense, and, once the soldiery marched well in, they were completely hidden. Only a strong guard waited at the wayside to intercept all passengers and here at last came Richard, just as the sun went down.

"The Prince's foot-soldiers will arrive soon," said the young leader to Guy the Bow. Ben o' Coventry was peering over the ridge of the hill and he came back hastily.

"Men from the castle, my captain," he exclaimed. "A knight, I should say by his crest, and four esquires, with mounted serving men, a half dozen. The knight, I noted, rides with visor up."

"Thinking not of any foe," Richard answered. "We will hide under the trees and let them go by. Then will we close behind them."

"We could smite them as they come," said Guy.

"Nay," replied Richard, "lest even so much as one on horseback escape to warn the town."

Word was sent to the Prince and soon he was there, having posted his troops in the glen, and with him came Sir Henry of Wakeham. It was no moment for speech, for the French cavalcade came gaily over the hill.

Silent and motionless, the English in their ambush almost held their breath until the party from Bruyere was a bowshot past them. Then out into the road they poured, as silently, and the trap was set.

"They will meet our foot right soon," said Sir Walter, "but they will not risk a charge upon five hundred men. They will come back."

"Sir Thomas Gifford will render a good account of them, if they do not," replied the Prince.

Not more than half a mile down the road and around a bend of it, at that hour, pressed on the English foot. At their head rode one knight only, with a few men-at-arms, and not far be-

hind him strode a brawny, red-haired man, who shouted back to those behind him, in Irish:

"Forward, now, ye men of the fens, of Connaught and of Ulster. Yet a little and we shall be with our brave boy of the *Golden Horn* and of *La Belle Calaise*, and with the Prince and Sir Henry."

It was the O'Rourke himself, promoted to a better command, with full leave to arm his giants with axes, in honor of his feats in the sea-fight. In like manner the rearguard was led by David Griffith, and the weapons of the Welshmen were such as those with which their ancestors had fought the Roman legions of Cæsar and the Saxons of Harold the King.

"Who comes?" exclaimed Sir Thomas; for at that moment the party of French from Bruyere had seen his banner and his ranks, and they had promptly turned round to speed back to the castle.

"The English!" they shouted. "The pirates of Albion! Back to the town!"

They had no dreams of aught but a swift, unhindered escape; and the greater was their astonishment to find their way blocked below the hill ridge by a dense mass of pikemen and bowmen, in front of whom stood a dozen armored knights. There was no use in either flight or fighting; and their leader reversed his lance, and rode forward.

"Yield thee!" rang out in English. "I am Sir Henry of Wakeham."

"Needs must," responded the knight in Norman French. "I am Guilbert, Sieur de Cluse. I had visited with Raoul de Bruyere, my kinsman, and I was but riding homeward. Alas, the day!"

He and his party dismounted and were disarmed. They were doubly astonished at meeting the Prince himself, with what seemed so small a force, and the Sieur de Cluse remarked with something of bitterness:

"Little ye know of the nut ye think to crack. De Bruyere hath gathered three thousand men, and he is provisioned for a siege."

"Not more than that?" exclaimed the Prince. "Glad am I of thy news. I had feared he had greater force. I trow we have almost half that number of our own. The castle and the town are ours!"

The prisoners were led under the trees, and now the night came on, and it was fairly sure that there would be no more wayfarers. Little more could be learned, except that all the townspeople were as well armed and ready as the garrison.

Every plan had been well laid beforehand. Only an hour after sunset dense clouds covered the sky, insuring perfect darkness. Out, down the glen, swept David Griffith and his Welshmen, to seize all roads leading to the castle gate. Along the highway itself rode the Prince and his mounted force—a hundred and thirty steel-clad horsemen. Behind them marched the greater part of the English foot; but by another path went Sir Henry of Wakeham, Richard Neville, and Sir Thomas Gifford. With them were the O'Rourke and two hundred Irish, and two hundred bowmen of Warwick and Kent. The scaling-ladders were with these.

Away to the right, across fields and through vineyards, Giles Monson led the way. He was still unarmed, save for a stout "Sheffield whittle," a foot long, sheathed, in his belt. Hardly a word he spoke until his companions found themselves at the foot of a perpendicular crag.

"There is a break twenty feet up," he said, "and a flat place. From that point our peril begins. Silence, all!"

A ladder was placed, and up he went like a squirrel. A low whistle was heard as he reached the top of the ladder; the signal came from Richard, just behind him. Next came a clang of steel, for the heir of Warrenton had smitten down a half-slumbering sentinel.

Up poured the English, headed by Sir Henry; they brought a second ladder with them, and others were placing it at the foot of the crag.

"A shorter ladder will do for this next mounting," whispered Giles Monson. "Then there is a wall, but sentries are seldom posted there."

Hardly had he spoken before a voice above them hailed in French:

"Who comes there?"

A flight of arrows answered him, and no second question came down. Up went the ladder and on it the English climbed fast. The wall, when they reached it, was but a dozen

feet high, and was hardly an obstacle. Beyond it Sir Henry halted until many men stood beside him. Then he spoke in a low tone.

"Pass the word," he said. "Pause not for aught, but follow me to the castle and the town gate. We must win that and let in the Prince, though all die who are here."

He strode forward then, and ever in front of him went Giles Monson, his cap in his hand and his white hair flying.

Few lights were burning in any of the buildings, for it was long after curfew. There were no wayfarers along the narrow, winding streets through which, avoiding the middle of the town, Giles Monson guided the English. Hardly a weapon clanged and no word was spoken, for every man knew that if an alarm were given too soon, so small a force would be overwhelmed and all must die.

"Yon is the gate," whispered Giles, at last. "'T is a fort of itself, and it needs must have a strong guard."

"On the watch for foes from without," said Sir Henry. "Richard Neville, show thyself a warrior! Charge in at yonder portal with thy Irish, and we will form behind thee and press on to open the town gates and hold them."

The O'Rourke heard the command and he whistled shrilly to his men; still in front of Richard, through the deep gloom, flitted the white-haired guide, for the portal at which Sir Henry pointed, to the left, was the open gate of the great tower, the donjon keep, the citadel of Bruyere. A moat there was, but the bridge was in place, and the guards in armor were lolling lazily.

"Charge! For the King!" shouted Richard, as he sprang swiftly along the bridge; he dashed past the guards and was within the portal before they could draw their swords. Down they went, under the Irish axes, and so the entrance to the keep was won. Then the fighting began, for there were many brave men in the citadel of Bruyere and they were awaking. But they came out of their quarters in sudden bewilderment, singly or in squads, and in the dim light they at first hardly knew friend from foe. Scores were smitten in utter darkness, by unseen hands, and everywhere were panic and confusion among the defenders.

"On!" shouted Giles Monson. "My lord of Wartmont, I lead thee to the chamber of De Bruyere!"

They were at the head of a flight of stairs, and before them was a long passage, lit by hanging lamps. Into the passage had rushed out—from the sleeping rooms on either side—a dozen swordsmen, and some of them had bucklers. Well was it for Richard then that Guy the Bow and the Longwood foresters had believed it their duty to follow their own young captain, for otherwise he had been almost alone. From the archers whizzed shaft after shaft, and hardly did he cross swords with any knight before the Frenchman's blade fell from his hand.

One towering form in a long blue robe was behind the others.

"Who are ye, in Heaven's name?" he had shouted. "St. Denis! they are fiends!"

"My lord Raoul de Bruyere," fiercely responded Giles Monson, "'t is the vengeance of Heaven upon thy false heart and thy cruelty. I am thy Sheffield man, thou robber!"

"Yield thee, my lord of Bruyere," shouted Richard; but along the passage darted Giles Monson, bent on revenge.

"Thou art the traitor!" cried De Bruyere; and drawing his sword he sprang to strike down the advancing Englishman. Too eager to heed his own safety, Giles Monson leaped upon the French knight, and struck fiercely with his long dagger.

Both weapons reached their marks.

"Thou villain, thou hast slain the knight!" cried Richard. "He must have surrendered."

But Giles Monson had fallen beneath the sword of his victim, and would never speak more.

"Stay not here!" Richard commanded. "Follow me! The keep is not half taken."

It was but the truth, and yet the remaining fight was only to make all sure. One strong party of French soldiers was beaten because they rallied in the great hall and were helplessly penned in as soon as the massive doors were shut and braced on the outside.

"Rats in a trap!" said Ben o' Coventry, as he forced down a thick plank to hold a door. "We need not slay one of them."

"I would I knew how it fares with the Prince,"

said Richard. "Light every lamp and beacon. I will go to the portal."

Prince Edward and they who were with him were men certain to give a good account of themselves, but they had been none too many. The warden at the town-wall gate had been small hindrance. The moment the huge oaken wings swung back upon their hinges, up went the portcullis, out shot the bridge across the deep, black moat, and the blast of Sir Henry's horn was answered by the rapid thud of hoofs as the Prince led on his men-at-arms.

"Straight for the middle square!" he shouted. "Onward to the keep!"

"It is ours if Richard Neville be still living," calmly returned the knight. "Hark! the shouts—the uproar!"

"Sir Thomas Gifford," commanded the Prince, "Go to him. Take ten men-at-arms. We must win the keep!"

On then he led his gallant men, along the street, but when they reached the central square the French also were pouring into it from all sides. Save for their utter surprise they would have made a better fight, but at the first onset the English lances scattered their hasty array like chaff. Horsemen they had almost none, and their knights who fought on foot were but half-armored.

Now, also, David Griffith and his Welshmen had arrived within the walls; and it seemed to the defenders of Bruyere that their foemen were a multitude. A band of mercenaries from Alsace, three hundred strong, penned in a side street, surrendered without a blow at the first whizzing of the English arrows.

Sir Thomas Gifford was standing at the portal of the castle, and he saw a man in armor come hastily out into a light that shone beyond.

"Richard Neville," he asked, "how is it with thee? Art thou beaten?"

"The keep is ours," called back Richard; "but I have too many prisoners. There were six hundred men."

"St. George for England!" cried the astonished knight. "Thou hast done a noble deed of arms!"

"But Raoul de Bruyere is dead and so is Giles Monson, he who guided us," continued Richard. "How fares the Prince?"



"UP WENT THE LADDER, AND THE ENGLISH CLIMBED FAST."

"Go thou to him, with thy good news," replied Sir Thomas. "I will take command here and finish thy work."

"Let us not remain with Sir Thomas," exclaimed the O'Rourke, behind Richard, "if there is to be more fighting."

"Nay, thou and thy kerns are garrison of the keep," said Sir Thomas.

So the hot-headed Irish chieftain had to bide behind stone walls, to his great chagrin, while Richard went out gladly, with but a small party, to hunt for the Prince through the shadowy, tumultuous streets of the half-mad town of Bruyere.

There were faces at window-crevices, and there were men and women in half-opened doorways. Richard continually announced to them, as had been the general order of the Prince:

"In! In! Quarter to all who keep their houses, and death to all who come out!"

Brave as might be the burghers of Bruyere, not many of those who heard cared to rush out alone, to be speared or cut down.

Before this, nevertheless, enough had gathered at one point to feel some courage; and into this band Richard was compelled to charge.

With him were barely a dozen axmen and bowmen, yet he shouted in Norman French, as if to some larger force behind:

"Onward, men of Kent! forward quickly! Bid the Irish hasten! St. George for England! For the King!"

The burghers had no captain, and they hardly knew their own number in the gloom. 'T was a hot rush of desperate men against those who were irresolute. The burghers broke and fled to their houses, and on went Richard, having lost only a few of his small force.

The garrison had rallied faster and faster, and now almost surrounded in the square were the Prince and his knights. Little they cared. Indeed, Sir Henry of Wakeham had said:

"What do you advise, my lord Prince? We might even cut our way back to the castle, if we were sure of it. If we have that, we have command of the town."

"Hold your own here," replied the Prince, "I think they give way, somewhat."

Just then a band of bowmen who had cleared out a side street came forth as Richard went by.

"With me!" he called to them. "Let us join the Prince. Beware how ye send your shafts into yonder mêlée, lest ye harm a friend!"

"Hark!" exclaimed Sir Henry. "It is Richard Neville! They have beaten him. Where can Sir Thomas be? I fear there is black tidings!"

"Fight on!" replied the Prince. "At all events he bringeth us some help."

Closely aimed arrows, well-thrown spears, cleaving of sword and ax, were help indeed; but better than all was the clear, ringing voice of Richard, in English first, and then in Norman French:

"My lord the Prince, we have the keep and castle! Sir Thomas Gifford holds it. De Bruyere is killed! His men are dead or taken! Bid these fools here surrender. They have naught for which to fight."

"God and St. George for England!" roared Sir Henry of Wakeham.

"Hail to thee, Richard Neville!" sang out the Prince. "Victory! The town is ours! Bruyere is taken!"

All the Frenchmen heard, as well as all the English. What was joy to one party was utter discouragement to the other.

"Surrender!" commanded the Prince. "The fool who fights now has his blood upon his own head!"

Spears were lowered, swords were sheathed, cross-bows were dropped, brave men-at-arms gave their names to Sir Henry and his knights; and the peril in the great square was over.

"Well for us," coolly remarked Sir Henry. "The guards from the ramparts were arriving. My lord of Cluse did not rightly number the garrison."

Nor had the English believed that so many townsmen could turn out so speedily. Nevertheless, when arms were given up the Frenchmen were no longer soldiers, and their numbers were of no more value.

"Richard Neville, I will well commend thee



to my father! I think he will give thee thy spurs."

So spake the Prince, with his hands on the shoulders of his friend, and looking into his face admiringly.

"Prince Edward," broke out the heir of Wartmont warmly, "I have done little. The taking of Bruyerre is thine. It was all thy plan."

"Mine? Nay," said the Prince. "The best of it was prepared by Raoul de Bruyerre, when he held Giles Monson wickedly, that now an Englishman might be ready to let us in. So did his evil deed come back to his ruin."

"Ay," said Sir Henry; "but the dawn is in the sky, and the troops must be stationed fast. We will not stay to sack the town; but there are stores to gather, and there are knights of high degree to put to ransom. We have work to do."

So, quickly and wisely, went out the commands of the English captains, and the prize was made secure before the sun was an hour high.

Bitter enough was then the shame and wrath of knights and nobles of the garrison, as they learned by how small a force their great stronghold had been surprised and taken. It should have been held for a year, they said, against all the army of King Edward.

All that bright summer day the business of sending away the garrison and of securing the best plunder of Bruyerre went industriously forward; but it was not in the hands of the Black Prince. Hardly had he finished eating a good repast in the castle, after having had courteous speech with Madame of Bruyerre and her household, before he gave command:

"Sir Robert Clifton, I appoint thee to the care of this place until I send thee orders from the king. He is now twelve miles away, and I must give him a report of this affair. Sir Henry and Gifford and Neville will go with me."

It was to horse and mount, then, while Robert Clifton cared for Bruyerre. The sun was looking down upon the midday halting of King Edward's own division of his army, when his son and his companions stood before him to tell him what they had done, and how.

Close and searching, as became a good general, were the questions of the king; but when all was done Sir Henry of Wakeham spoke boldly:

"Sire, is it not to be said that thy son and Richard Neville have in this feat of arms well earned their spurs and chain of knighthood?"

"Truly!" came low but earnestly from Richard's uncle, the Earl of Warwick.

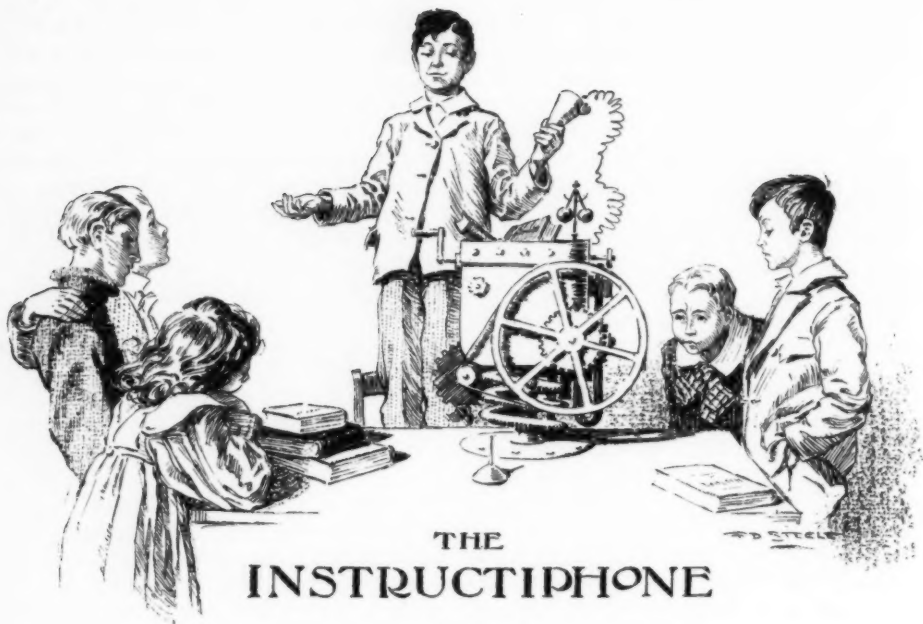
There was no smile upon the firm lips of the king, whatever his proud eyes might seem to say, and he replied:

"Not so, my good companion in arms. Think of thine own battles, many and hard fought. It were not well to forward them too fast. Neither my Edward nor Richard of Wartmont shall wear spurs until they have stood the brunt of one great passage of arms. Leave but a fair garrison in Bruyerre, for none will trouble them. We will march on to seek the field where we may meet the host of Philip of Valois. Word has arrived that he is coming with all haste."

Forward, therefore, moved the forces of the king, and with them rode the two young companions in arms as simple squires; but the mighty field whereon they were to win their spurs was only a few days in the future.

(To be continued.)





## THE INSTRUCTIPHONE

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

THERE was a youthful genius once, a boy  
of thirteen years,  
Named Cyrus Franklin Edison Lavoisier  
De Squeers.  
To study he was not inclined, for fun he  
had a bent;  
But there was just one article he wanted  
to invent.

"It 's a sort of a contraption which will  
work itself," he said;  
"And, without studying, will put my lessons  
in my head."  
He thought and puzzled o'er his plan, he  
worked with might and main  
To utilize the wondrous schemes within his  
fertile brain:

Until at last the thing was done, and to  
his friends said he:  
"It is the Wonder of the Age! Success I  
can foresee!

My great invention is complete, and 't is  
no idle vaunt—  
I 'm sure that my Instructiphone will fill a  
long-felt want.

"The action is quite simple—I will try to  
make it clear:  
This funnel-shaped receiver I apply to my  
right ear;  
Then in this hopper I will put whate'er I  
wish to learn,—  
A page of history or of Greek,—and then  
this crank I 'll turn.

"The topic goes into this tube, a sort of  
phonograph  
Which acts directly on my mind—it *does*,  
you need n't laugh!  
I do not have to think at all, for as I  
pull this chain,  
My wonderful machine transmits the know-  
ledge to my brain."

The plan was good, the works were fine,  
and yet there was a flaw;  
When Cyrus turned the crank around, the  
neighbors watched with awe.  
He confidently pulled the chain with mo-  
tion quick and deft;  
*If* knowledge entered his right ear—it  
came out at his left!

He tried again,—a page of Greek; he tried  
a theme occult,—  
A message and an errand,—every time the  
same result!  
Then Cyrus knew that somehow his machine  
had missed its aim;

For though the works ran smoothly, it was  
always just the same:

No matter what the book might be, or  
what it was about,  
It would go in at one ear,—at the other  
't would come out!  
So, in his laboratory, baffled Cyrus, sitting  
lone,

Strives to correct the sad defect in his  
Instructiphone.

But it is my opinion, there's no fault in  
the machine:

The trouble is that Cyrus is like other  
boys I've seen.



## THEIR NICKNAMES.

By B. D. S.

SOME children that I know, possess  
Of nicknames half a score;  
One is "Theo"—"Teddy"—"Ted,"  
Though christened —.

The next is scarcely called aright  
By any haps or chances;—  
'T is "Fanny"—"Frankie"—"Frank" and  
"Fan,"  
Though her real name is —.

Then "Larry"—"Laurie"—"Lanty" comes  
(Though he always writes it —);  
And his sister twin, whom most address  
As "Flo" or "Floy" for —.

The last is "Lizzie"—"Betty"—"Bess"  
"Bettina"—and "Elspeth"—  
"Betsy"—"Lisa"—"Beth"—"Bet"—  
"Lib"—  
And she's —.



# Johnny and the Giant

By  
J. Rowe Webster

ONCE upon a time, and a long time ago, there lived near the town of Groton a mighty giant. He lived so many, many years ago that nobody who lives in the town now remembers anything about him. But the other day, when out walking, I met a very old man with white hair and a white beard, who said that his grandfather used to tell him stories about this giant when he himself was a very little boy indeed. When I heard the old man with white hair say this, you may be sure I asked him whether he could n't remember some of the stories which his grandfather used to tell. At first he shook his head; but I kept on asking and asking, until finally he invited me into his little house, gave me a seat by the blazing fire, and told me what I am now about to tell you.

You must know that a long time ago there were not nearly so many buildings in Groton as there are now. There was no Groton school at all, and in the village there were only nine houses and no town hall. No, there was n't even a railroad station; for as there were no railroads then, of course no stations were needed. Do you want to know the names of the people who lived in the village?

Well, there was a Mr. Cobb who kept cows, and a Mr. Dobb who kept hens, and a Mr. Bobb who kept sheep. Then there was a Mr. Nagg who raised sweet-potatoes, a Mr. Bragg who raised strawberries, and a Mr. Gagg who did n't raise anything but a rumpus whenever he had the chance. There was also a Mr. Coon who had a fine big apple-orchard, a Mr. Moon who sold sweet-peas, and a Mr. Loon who could n't walk because he could never make both his feet point the same way. On account of his inability to walk, Mr. Loon used to ride about in a wheelbarrow pulled by a big dog, in which he could n't go very fast because the legs of the wheelbarrow were so near the ground that they used to bump into everything, or sometimes stick fast in the mud; and as the roads were always uneven and muddy, Mr. Loon had a hard time in getting anywhere.

And now, to sum it up, these were the names of the families in the village: The Cobbs, the Dobbs, and the Bobbs; the Naggs, the Braggs, and the Gags; the Coons, the Moons, and the Loons; and then, on the top of Gibbet Hill, half a mile away, lived somebody else. Who do you think it was? Why, it was the Giant himself, of course! He did n't have any name, though. People just called him "the Giant," and that was enough.

What a tremendous fellow he was!

His head was as big as a haystack—and, indeed, looked very like one, for his hair was

stiff and of the color of straw. He never wore any hat.

His body was so big that his clothes had to be made of carpets cut out and sewed together, for no pieces of cloth were thick enough or big enough. His Sunday waistcoat was cut out of a Turkish rug. If he had laid his hand flat on the ground, you could n't have jumped over one of his fingers. His legs were so long that he went rods at every step; and his feet were as big as freight-cars. On them he wore blue boots, which he polished up every day with bluing.

The Giant's principal food consisted of sweet-potatoes. He bought these from Mr. Nagg, who had acres and acres of land planted with nothing else. Every day the Giant would come down to Mr. Nagg's from his big stone house on Gibbet Hill with ten empty sacks, and when he went home again he carried back all the sacks full of sweet-potatoes.

Now, it happened one day that Johnny Nagg, the little six-year-old son of Mr. Nagg, had gone out walking alone, and had not come back again in time for dinner. What a time there was then in the village! Everybody thought that the little boy was lost, and all were out hunting for him. Mr. Nagg ran up and down the street, asking every teamster he met whether anything had been seen of Johnny. Mrs. Nagg was terribly anxious, and was sobbing as if her heart would break. Poor Mr. Moon wanted to be of some help, so he sent her a huge bunch of sweet-peas from his garden. When she received them Mrs. Nagg felt a little better, but not very much. Mr. Bragg stopped picking his strawberries and went to the big white church, where he began to ring the bell violently, in order that everybody might know that something terrible had happened. Mr. Dobb told Mr. Nagg that some of his hens had been crowing all day, so that he had felt sure that something was the matter. Mr. Cobb said that he had thought so too, for one of his cows had that morning neighed like a horse. Mr. Bobb said yes, and that three of his sheep had barked like dogs.

Mr. Gagg during all this time had been riding about on a large white horse and shouting; but what he said nobody could understand, since

everybody else was shouting too. Mr. Loon — who, you remember, could n't walk — came riding along in his wheelbarrow, pulled by his big black dog, and said he was willing to join in the hunt as best he could. After thanking him for his kindness, Mr. Nagg had to pull the legs of the wheelbarrow out of the mud in which they had stuck when the dog stopped.

At this the children would have laughed, had they been there to see; but they were all running about the streets, shouting, "Johnny, Johnny! where are you?" as loud as they could.

And in the midst of all the crying and the shouting and bell-ringing, the Giant came striding along. In his hand he carried a walking-stick made of a tall pine-tree with all the branches left on, and on his feet he wore his famous blue boots which he polished up with bluing every day. As he did n't seem to be troubled about anything at all, every one stopped talking and looked at him, in the hope that he could give them some help. I have forgotten to say that this Groton Giant was a jolly and kind one, and was always ready to do all he could for everybody.

He first looked down on the crowd in silence. Then he shouted out in a voice like thunder:

"What is the matter, and why are you all shouting and yelling and ringing that old church bell?"

"Oh, Mr. Giant!" cried out Johnny Nagg's father, "my little boy is lost, and nobody knows where to find him, and I don't know what in the world to do!"

"How long has he been lost?" inquired the Giant.

"Five hours," sobbed Mrs. Nagg, taking her handkerchief away from her eyes for just a few moments, and smelling of the bunch of sweet-peas.

"What direction was he going in when he was last seen?"

Nobody spoke for several moments, for nobody seemed to know. At last a little girl came out from among the rest of the children and said:

"Oh, Mr. Giant, I saw little Johnny Nagg early this morning. He was running across the fields as hard as he could go, over there"; and



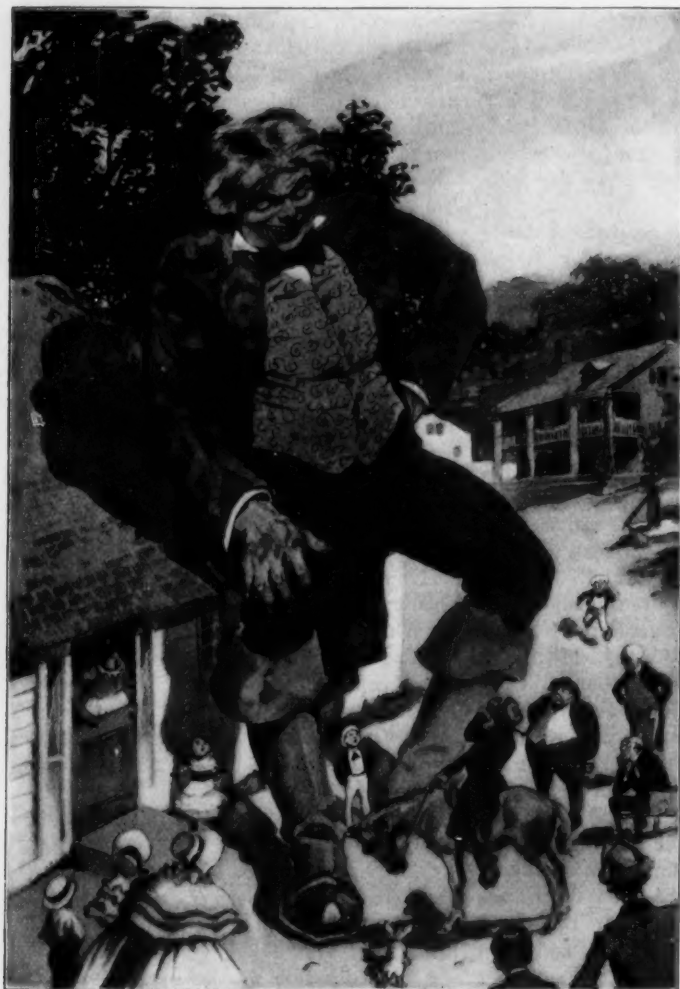
she pointed away toward a hill in the distance, far on the other side of the Giant's house.

"Aha, now I know where he is!" shouted the Giant, pounding the ground with his pine-

delight. Mr. Nagg was at their head, and Mrs. Nagg, who had stopped crying, came along behind. Mr. Loon drove along as best he might in his wheelbarrow; but Mr. Coon, with his furry

hair, and Mr. Moon, with his big round face, had to help him and his dog over fences and stone walls. Ahead of all still was Mr. Nagg riding his white horse — ahead of them all except the Giant, who, of course, could walk faster than any horse could trot. Stride after stride the Giant took, looking neither to the right nor to the left. He led them across the tops of high hills and down across valleys, over stone walls and through brooks, until everybody had become so wet and so tired that it seemed as if no one could go a step more. The Giant by this time was far in the lead. Last of all in the line following him were Mr. Loon, Mr. Coon, and Mr. Moon, who had all tried to ride together in the wheelbarrow, and had stuck fast in a swamp.

Finally the Giant stopped short, and waited until those who were running had come



"HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN LOST?" INQUIRED THE GIANT.

tree staff, so that the earth shook for miles around — "now I know where he is!" and he strode off across the fields in the direction which the little girl had given.

All the people followed as fast as they could. The children ran screaming and whooping with

up to him; then he roared out, "Look over there!" and as he spoke pointed with his pine-tree.

Everybody looked, and far away in the distance they could see something like a big pole stuck into the ground. On its top was to be

faintly made out a little figure that was waving its arms wildly.

"That 's Johnny—that 's Johnny! I am sure that 's Johnny!" cried out Mrs. Nagg, so excited that she dropped her bunch of sweet-peas.

"Yes, that is Johnny," roared out the Giant, stooping and picking up the sweet-peas, which he handed to Mrs. Nagg with a bow.

"But what is he doing on top of that pole?" said Mr. Nagg anxiously. "It looks miles high, and I am afraid he 'll fall."

"Pole? What pole, sir?" roared the Giant. "That is n't any pole, but a tall tower that I made years and years ago." And he set off again, as before, with everybody running after him. The nearer they came to the tower, the higher and higher it seemed to grow, until at last, when they reached its foot, it was found to be many times as high as the Giant himself.

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny," screamed Mrs. Nagg, "do be careful, and don't fall! And how in the world did you get up there?"

"A big bird flew away with me up here, and left me," shouted Johnny from the flat top of the tower, looking very glad to see his father and mother again.

"I know what big bird it was," said the Giant. "It was my pet eagle. He is always picking things up and leaving them on top of the tower; so I expected to find Johnny here."

"But how in the world is Johnny to get down?" asked Mr. Nagg.

True enough! There seemed to be no way



"HE LED THEM OVER STONE WALLS AND BROOKS."

"Just wait a minute!" roared the Giant; and he set off on the run toward his house.

Now, when a giant runs you may be sure that it does not take long for him to get anywhere; and although his stone house would have been a long way off for you or for me, the Giant was there and back again in a few seconds.

What do you suppose he brought back with him from his stone house?

The Giant now took his pine-tree staff and began to go up the ladder. He was so heavy that he had to go very slowly, for fear he would fall. When he reached the top round of the ladder he stood still. Then, taking hold of the pine-tree by the butt-end, he pushed up the top with its branches to where Johnny was, and at last everybody on the ground saw what the Giant was going to do.

"Climb into the pine-tree and hold on



"HE POINTED THE TREE STRAIGHT AT HER."

A long ladder.

He put the ladder up against the tower, and all the children cheered. Then the ladder was seen to be not long enough, and everybody groaned.

"What 's the matter?" roared the Giant; and everybody kept quiet.

tight," said the Giant, in a firm but pleasant voice.

Little Johnny obeyed. Although he was very much scared, he wanted to get back to his father and mother so much that he lost no time in climbing into the very top of the pine-tree, where he hung on for dear life.

Then the Giant slowly, slowly went down the ladder again. When he reached the ground he bowed to Mrs. Nagg, and said:

"Madam, I have the honor of returning to you a very nice little boy."

So speaking, he pointed the pine-tree straight at her. Little Johnny scrambled out of its top, and fell into his mother's arms. How he

and his father and mother laughed and cried for joy! And how the throng of little children cheered!

When they were all so tired of hurrahing that they could n't hurrah any more, the Giant roared out:

"Let's go home to dinner!"

And they all went.

## UNSPOKEN SYMPATHY.

BY BELLE MOSES.



HE was a big, burly, good-natured conductor on a country railroad, and he had watched them with much interest as they got on the train. There were two handsome, round-faced, rosy-cheeked boys, and three sunny-haired, pretty little girls of various sizes and ages. A grave, kind-looking gentleman, evidently their guardian, got in with them; and the conductor's attention was soon caught by the fact that the apparently eager conversation was carried on by means of the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, the gentleman joining in so pleasantly that the conductor beamed on him with approval. Naturally kind-hearted himself, it pleased him to see this trait in others. But his honest eyes were misty as he thought of his own noisy crowd of youngsters at home, and contrasted them with this prim little company who smiled and gesticulated, but made no sound.

It was plain they were off on a holiday jaunt, for they all had satchels, and wore a festive, "go-away" air; and the conductor, whose fancy played about them continually, settled it in his mind that they belonged to some asylum, and were going with their teacher for a vacation

trip. He could n't help watching them, and nodding to them as he passed through the car; they returned his greeting in kind, being cheerful little souls, and he began to look forward with regret to the time of parting.

At length, at one of the rural stations, the gentleman kissed the young ones hurriedly all round, and got off the train. They leaned out of the windows and waved enthusiastic farewells as the car moved on; then the biggest "little girl" took a brown-paper bag from her satchel, and distributed crackers in even shares. The conductor, in passing, smiled and nodded as usual, as the little girl held out the paper bag to him.

"Do have some," she said.

He started back in sheer amazement.

"What!" he exclaimed; "you can talk, then—all of you?"

"Of course!" they cried in chorus.

The conductor sank into the seat across the aisle. "I thought you were deaf and dumb!" he gasped.

"Oh, how funny!" cried one of the rosy-cheeked boys. "Why, that was Uncle Jack, poor fellow! he was born that way. We would n't talk while he was with us; it might hurt his feelings, you know. Hello! here's our station. Come on, girls!" and the five trooped noisily out, and waved their handkerchiefs from the platform as the train moved on.

## GOOD-NIGHT SONG.

BY R. E. PHILLIPS.

"GOOD-NIGHT, little trees!"  
My little man says when the Sandman comes.  
And the soft-swaying breeze  
In the listening trees  
Wafts the answer, "Good-night, little man,  
Good-night!"

"Good-night, little star!"  
My little man says when the Sandman comes.  
And a bright little star,  
In the heavens so far,  
Blinks the answer, "Good-night, little man,  
Good-night!"



SHELTERED FROM THE STORM.





## "THE LITTLE CHINA DOG 'S ON GUARD."

BY MARGUERITE TRACY.

ALL 's quiet among the children —  
 The nursery door 's not barred;  
 But you 'd best be looking out if you have  
 to move about,  
 For the little china dog 's on guard!

*The little china dog 's on guard!*  
*The little china dog 's on guard!*  
*And you 'd best be looking out if you have*  
*to move about,*  
*For the little china dog 's on guard!*

We don't know what the dolls would do  
 If it were not for him.  
 He is so stalwart and so true —  
 He is so firm of limb;  
 And all night long his eyes of blue  
 Confront the shadows grim —  
 The shadows, shadows, shadows, shadows,  
 Shadows, shadows dim.

We know beside the bed there is  
 A little sword of tin;  
 The bugle lying on the floor  
 Would make a rousing din;

The soldiers sleeping on their arms  
 Would "rally" and "fall in,"  
 And the little china dog 's on guard, on  
 guard —  
 And the little china dog 's on guard!

We don't know anything about  
 The dangers faced by him,  
 When all the children are asleep  
 And all the lights are dim,  
 And only he alone confronts  
 The lurking shadows grim,—  
 The shadows, shadows, shadows, shadows,  
 Shadows, shadows dim.

All 's quiet among the children —  
 The nursery door 's not barred;  
 But you 'd best be looking out if you have  
 to move about,  
 For the little china dog 's on guard!

*The little china dog 's on guard!*  
*The little china dog 's on guard!*  
*And you 'd best be looking out if you have*  
*to move about,*  
*For the little china dog 's on guard!*

# CHRISTMAS EVE AT MOTHER HUBBARD'S.

(A Christmas Play for School or Parlor Entertainment.)

By S. J. D.

## CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET,	JILL,
LITTLE JACK HORNER,	MISTRESS MARY,
LITTLE BOY BLUE,	SIMPLE SIMON,
LITTLE BO PEEP,	AND MOTHER HUBBARD,
JACK,	SANTA CLAUS.

SCENE.—A room at Mother Hubbard's; two doors, one supposed to open to the outer air, the other to lead into another part of the house; also a cupboard with closed door.

[LITTLE MISS MUFFET and JACK HORNER disclosed, seated, as the curtain rises.

MISS MUFFET. Can you tell me, Jack Horner, why so many of us have been asked to come here to Old Mother Hubbard's to-night? What does she want of us? What is she going to have us do?

JACK HORNER. Do? Why, I thought it was a sort of a party, perhaps,—forfeits, and dancing, and stage coach, and so on. And afterward—well, I have been wondering whether we shall have ice-cream and cake, or nuts and raisins and apples. (*Rising and walking about discontentedly.*) I declare, it's a shame, Miss Muffet. Do you know I am not to have any Christmas pie this year?

MISS MUFFET. Why not?

JACK HORNER. Oh, well, you know that old trick of mine about the plums; my folks thought it bad manners, and so I am to go without my pie. (*Sits down again, moodily.*) And what's Jack Horner without a Christmas pie?

MISS MUFFET. Well, I have n't any curds or whey, either; but it was a *very* old-fashioned dish, and doing without it does away with the spider, so I am very well pleased. Boys are so queer, always hungry, always thinking of something to eat!

JACK HORNER. And girls are so *very* queer—afraid of spiders, shrieking at a mouse! When a fellow is asked out of an evening, I don't think it at all queer he should expect a little something in the way of refreshments.

MISS MUFFET. But this is n't to be a party. We were asked here to help about something. And then to expect ice-cream at Mother Hub-

bard's! Why, she can't—It is n't nice to speak of it, but you know that pitiful story about her dog.

JACK HORNER. Oh, well, there are better times now. Yes, I know the old story. And that's the very cupboard over there. (*Rising, with curiosity.*) I've a good mind to just go peep into that cupboard, and see if it really is bare.

MISS MUFFET (*speaking as he tiptoes across the room*). What sort of manners do you call it, Jack Horner, to go prying into other folks' cupboards?

[As JACK lays his hand on the cupboard door a horn is heard without, and he jumps back guiltily.

MISS MUFFET. Who's afraid *now*, I'd like to know?

JACK HORNER. Who can it be?

[The horn sounds again, and LITTLE BOY BLUE enters.

BOY BLUE. Hallo! here are two of you before me,—old friends, of course; but I have n't met any Mother Goose people in so long a time that I'm afraid I sha'n't know you all. Now, who are you, ma'am, if I may be allowed to ask?

MISS MUFFET. I am Little Miss Muffet.

BOY BLUE. Oh, yes,—who sat on a tuffet. Well, then, now's my chance to ask you about something that has always puzzled me tremendously. What is a tuffet?

MISS MUFFET (*jumping up from her stool and placing it before him*). That is a tuffet!

BOY BLUE. That? Why, that's nothing but a little footstool! What makes them call it a tuffet!

MISS MUFFET. Because tuffet rhymes with Muffet, stupid, and footstool does n't!

JACK HORNER. No, nor hassock, nor ottoman. To be puzzled over an easy thing like that! Where are your wits, Boy Blue? Are they under the haymow, fast asleep?

BOY BLUE (*good-naturedly*). Well, Jack, my boy, you will be pretending next that you are always sitting about in a corner so as to make yourself rhyme with Horner. Now, is n't it be-

cause you are just a *little* bit lazy, and a *little* bit afraid of the weather?

JACK HORNER (*jumping up testily*). See here, Boy Blue, I don't like that!

MISS MUFFET. Oh, dear! if you boys go to quarrelling and fussing, it will spoil our whole evening.

BO PEEP knocks at the door with her crook, and then enters.

BOY BLUE (*advancing with a smile*). I called for you, Bo Peep, and you had already gone.

BO PEEP. Yes, I stopped for Jill, but she and Jack could n't start for a little while yet, and I came on alone.

JACK HORNER. Won't you take my chair, Miss Bo Peep. Was it snowing when you came in?

BO PEEP. Oh, it is glorious winter weather. How I do love the frost and cold! It makes me feel ready for anything! Where's Mother Hubbard?

MISS MUFFET. She was called away just after Jack Horner and I came, and she has n't been in the room since. Why do you carry your crook in winter, Bo Peep?

BO PEEP. I like to have it when I'm skating; and then it's pleasant to carry it—it reminds me of the summer-time.

JACK HORNER. Then you like the summer better than winter? So do I.

BO PEEP. Well, I like the autumn better still; and springtime—that's the best of all.

BOY BLUE. You and I love all the seasons, Bo Peep, because we live so much outdoors. We know them all so well, and all their good times. As I was coming along through the snow just now, I found myself humming that "May Song" of yours.

MISS MUFFET. Oh, Bo Peep, sing it for us, won't you?

BO PEEP. Why, I will, if Boy Blue does his part, too.

BOY BLUE. All right. You begin.

#### MAY SONG.

(For music, see page 172, "St. Nicholas Songs.")

BO PEEP.

Light is the heart of the young country lass

When May smiles "good-day" through the wicket;

Blossoms a-bloom in the tender green grass,

Birds all a-tune in the thicket.

Up and away! at the first ray of morn,

Out where the sunbeams are playing!

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,

For we would be early a-Maying—

(Horn) Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la, tra la la,

For we would be early a-Maying—

(Horn) Tra la, tra la la, tra la la la.

BOY BLUE.

Gay is the lot of the young country lad  
When decked is the May-pole for dancing,  
Fiddlers all there and a-fiddling like mad,  
Every one skipping and prancing.

Hie! what a feast we shall have on the green,  
Candy and cake and no paying.

BO PEEP.

Oh, me, one would be like a king or a queen

If one could be always a-Maying—

Tra la la, etc.

But lassies and laddies must work, it is true;

All is not pleasure and funning.

There's baking and churning

BOY BLUE.

and plowing to do,

BO PEEP.

And errands to keep one a-running.

BOY BLUE.

Cows to be tended and kept from the corn;

BO PEEP.

Sheep that forever are straying:

So at sunrise, Boy Blue, come blow us your horn;

We'll to work, and have time left for playing—

(Horn) Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la, tra la la!

There'll be plenty of time left for playing—

(Horn) Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la la!

[At the close of the song, a heavy fall and a commotion are heard outside. Little MISS MUFFET runs to the door, crying, "What can be the matter?" JACK and JILL enter, the former hobbling, and holding his head with a wry face.

BO PEEP. Why, it's Jack, and you too, Jill! How's this? Have you had another tumble?

JILL. Oh, Jack had to go and fall on a little, slippery place near the door. Trust Jack for finding the slippery places!

JACK. Well, Mother Hubbard asked me to *drop in* this evening, and I was trying to oblige her. Only I dropped too soon. I was n't quite *in*. Whew! did n't I give my head a crack, though!

JILL. Jack wants to join a baseball nine, but I tell him he's too good a tumbler to make a good pitcher.

JACK HORNER (*trying to look important*). Pooh, pooh! Baseball, indeed! That's out of date, and lawn-tennis, too. Golf's your game! Golf's the game for me!

BOY BLUE (*patting him on the back*). There, there, sonny! you'll grow up to them all. Croquet and ring-toss are better for you, at your age!

JACK. Well, Jill will have her joke. And it's better to laugh than cry, say I.

JILL. Sing them that song you composed about all your tumbles. It will make you forget your headache.

JACK. Oh, it's too long. It has forty-eight verses, each about a separate accident, and then three or four in which I give a sort of summing up and a moral.

BOY BLUE (*hastily*). Just give us the summing up. Never mind about the other forty-eight verses.

#### JACK'S SONG.

(See page 128, "St. Nicholas Songs." "There was a little girl," etc.)

If I'm walking on a level  
Where you'd think that I might revel  
In the comfort and the safety of the way,  
Then I'm bound to stub my toe,  
And the first thing that you know,  
Jack is on his back again, alackaday!

(Repeat first verse of music.)

Oh, I've broken both my shoulders,  
And the very smallest boulders  
Are enough to twist my ankles all awry;  
Where the others dance and skip,  
I am always sure to trip,  
Dislocate my collar-bone and bruise my thigh!

(Last verse of tune.)

But it does n't so much matter  
Just how many bones I shatter,  
Nor how oft the nickname "Buttertoes" I've heard;  
For our Jill says (bless her soul!)  
That I keep my temper whole,  
And I never twist the truth or break my word!

BO PEEP. Well, Jack, I like that song. It's just fine!

BOY BLUE. So say I!

JACK (*rubbing his head ruefully*). Singing it did n't improve my head any.

MISS MUFFET. Poor boy! Let me take you to find Mother Hubbard, and she will have you lie down a little while, and give Jill something to bathe the sore spot.

[The three go out, leaving inner door open.

[A gentle knock, and MISTRESS MARY enters at other door. BO PEEP is facing the door, and the newcomer holds her hands out toward her with a smile. BO PEEP takes them.

BO PEEP. I feel as if you must be an old and dear friend, and yet I cannot tell your name.

MISTRESS MARY. Why, I am Mistress Mary the kindergartner. And if you would like to know how my garden grows, I shall be delighted to tell you all about it.

JACK HORNER (*surprised*). You Mistress Mary? And you look so pleasant and so cheery! I thought they used to say you were — well, sort of — oh, you know —

BOY BLUE. Contrary? Why, Jack, my fine fellow, where are your wits? That is just to rhyme with Mary. *Contrary* rhymes with Mary, and *pleasant* does n't, nor *charming*.

MISTRESS MARY. No, they really thought me contrary, and very, very queer — "cranky," I think they would call it nowadays. But that was only because they did n't understand the Froebel system. They were n't familiar with the "gifts and occupations," and they could n't see what silver bells or cockle-shells or balls or cubes or cylinders had to do with the training of the little maids in my Kindergarten. By the way, they did n't stand in a row at all, my little maids, but in a circle, as they do to-day.

BOY BLUE. But if I may make bold to ask, what *have* silver bells and cockle-shells to do with schooling?

MISTRESS MARY. I can tell you best in a little song we have made about them, if you would like to have me sing it to you.

BO PEEP. Please do. That will be delightful.

#### MISTRESS MARY'S SONG.

(For music, see "St. Nicholas Songs," page 110. "The Singaway Bird.")

Now list while I tell  
Of the small silver bell  
That rings in the year's early morning;  
The first flower we see,  
It's a-quiver with glee  
As it gives to the others their warning:  
"Ting-ting, it is Spring, ting-a-ling!"  
Ting-ting, ting-a-ling, it is Spring!"  
Up come the flowers at the jubilant knell  
Of this small rising bell — silver bell.

And this fair cockle-shell,  
Once so happy to dwell  
At the edge of the murmuring billow,  
It will sound at your ear,  
In a voice that you hear  
As through dreams on a wave-cradled pillow:  
"List! list! the sea murmuring!  
List! list! the sea whispering."  
It has tales that are wondrous to tell,  
In its dream-talk, this fair cockle-shell.

So the bell from the lea,  
And the shell from the sea,  
Hold marvels we fain would be knowing;  
And they tell each in turn  
What 't is lovely to learn,  
Little maids, in my Child Garden growing.  
"Ting, ting! hear me ring, — ting-a-ling!"  
"List, list, to the sea whispering!"  
Whisper, fair shell; ring for us, silver bell;  
For your message is fair, — fair to hear, fair to tell!

BOY BLUE. I think I would n't mind belonging to your school myself.

BO PEEP. I would join it in a minute if I was n't so big.

JACK HORNER. Here comes Mother Hubbard, and who 's that with her?

BOY BLUE. Why, it 's Simple Simon! There 's a scholar for you, Mistress Mary! Even you could not drum any wisdom into him.

MISTRESS MARY. If I had had him young enough, I could have done it.

[SIMON enters shuffling and sheepishly.

MISTRESS MARY. Good evening, Simon.

BO PEEP. Was n't Mother Hubbard with you in the passage?

SIMPLE SIMON. She was—she was—she assuredly was. But just at the door here she heard the telephone-bell ring, and so she ran away again—ran—away again.

JACK HORNER. And how did you get into the house without our seeing you?

SIMPLE SIMON. I don't know. I must have mistook the back door for the front. I reckon—'pears to me—

BOY BLUE. I believe you saw some pies through the kitchen window, and just *went* for them.

JACK HORNER. Pies? Pies? Say, I want one! Has Simon got them?

SIMPLE SIMON. Indeed, I have n't any.

BOY BLUE. So we 've heard before.

MISTRESS MARY. Now, boys, don't tease Simon; and, Jack, don't be so greedy. What I want to ask Simon is this: Has Mother Hubbard told you what we are all to do for her here to-night?

SIMPLE SIMON. No, she has not,—assuredly not. She said to me: "Simon, you 've come in the wrong door." And I says: "Yes, ma'am; thank you kindly, ma'am." And she says: "Come, Simon; I 'll show you where the others are. I 'm ready to go to them now, poor things!" And then in the hall she heard the telephone-bell, and she said: "Oh, deary me! Get them to sing another song, Simon. You sing a song with them, Simon; and I 'll be there in a minute,"—in a minute.

ALL. A song! Simon will sing a song!

BOY BLUE. Yes; and we 'll join in.

#### SIMON'S SONG.

(For music, see "Mother Goose Melodies," by J. W. Elliott, page 38. "The Jolly Tester.")

If I had a penny,—

A single, little penny,—

I would go at once and buy a pie,—buy a pie.

But I 've just got a nickel—

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OTHERS (*jestingly*).

Well, you *are* in a pickle!

SIMON (*seriously*).

Yes, a nickel 's not the price of a pie.

OTHERS.

From your nickel take a penny,  
And buy one pie or many.

SIMON.

Oh, no, no! 't is a sum too hard and high!

I never learned subtraction,  
And before I 'd solve a fraction

I 'd go for weeks without a taste of pie,—oh, my!

OTHERS (*laughing*).

Ho, ho! but this is funny;

You 'll never spend your money

Unless you have a piece that 's just the price!

SIMON (*triumphantly*).

Yes, I 've a plan, my sages,—

I 'll ask for penny wages!

And that 'll be so handy and so nice,—so very nice!

[MOTHER HUBBARD enters at last, followed by JACK, JILL, and LITTLE MISS MUFFET.

MOTHER HUBBARD. Well, boys and girls, how do you do? It is just too bad I have had to keep you waiting so long. But I heard you singing, and knew you were having a good time; and when I heard Mistress Mary's sweet voice I felt quite easy, for I was sure she would n't let you get into any mischief.

BOY BLUE. We have been amusing ourselves very well, Mother Hubbard.

BO PEEP. Yes, but we are *dying* to know why you have asked us all to meet here to-night.

MOTHER HUBBARD. Can't any of you guess? Jack Horner, now, he 's a keen lad. What does he think?

JACK HORNER (*dubiously*). It is n't—it could n't—it has n't anything to do with can—candy, has it?

MOTHER HUBBARD. Oh! So that 's the way your mind runs, is it? (*She looks at him sharply, and then at the cupboard, toward which she goes a step or two.*) There has n't any one been peeping into my cupboard, has there?

JACK HORNER (*slipping behind* MISTRESS MARY). I—I have n't! It 's locked!

MISTRESS MARY (*laughing and patting* JACK'S head). You know we would n't expect to find anything *there*, Mother Hubbard!

MOTHER HUBBARD. You would n't, eh? Well, there 's something better than bones in that closet to-night. Children, what night is this?



[They look at each other, and MISS MUFFET cries, "Christmas eve!" and they all echo in chorus, "Christmas eve!"

MOTHER HUBBARD. And who is it comes visiting about on Christmas eve?

[All look at each other again, and BOY BLUE cries, "SANTA CLAUS!" whereat all echo again, "SANTA CLAUS!"

MOTHER HUBBARD. Exactly so. And now let me tell you he will be here, in this house, in this room, in a very few minutes. (*Sensation.*) There has been some delay, and I have been telephoning and telegraphing to him all the evening. At six o'clock he left the North Pole, at seven he was rushing along through Canada, at eight he had visited all the Northern United States, and by this time he is coming straight for this house.

BOY BLUE. But I thought he did n't let any one see him on his trips.

MOTHER HUBBARD. No, not ordinary people, my boy; but Mother Goose people are not ordinary people; and, besides, you have all been asked to come here to help him.

BO PEEP. To help him? Help Santa Claus? How could we help Santa Claus?

MOTHER HUBBARD. That he will tell you himself when he comes. Hark! did I hear bells?

MISTRESS MARY. I hear nothing yet. Let us sing a song of welcome to help bring him.

ALL sing.

Santa Claus is coming!  
Joyful is the cry.  
Spread by happy voices,  
How the tidings fly!  
All the air is humming  
With the glad refrain,  
Santa Claus is coming!  
Shout it once again!

(For music, see "Mother Goose Melodies," page 39. "Sing a Song of Sixpence.")

[A faint sound of sleigh-bells grows nearer and nearer. A voice is heard without, above the bells: "Whoa there, Donner! Hold up, Blitzen! Whoa, Dancer! Whoa, Prancer! Here we are!" SANTA CLAUS enters.

SANTA CLAUS. Yes, here we are at old Mother Hubbard's; and here are all the lads and lassies come to meet us!

MISTRESS MARY. And to help you, Santa Claus. Mother Hubbard says we can help you.

SANTA CLAUS. And so you can—so you can. Bless your sweet face! Now, here 's a likely lad. (*Laying hold of JACK, who has kept close to MIS-*

TRESS MARY.) He can help, I know. And what would you like for Christmas, my fine fellow?

JACK HORNER. A large Christmas pie, sir, very full of plums.

SANTA CLAUS. Ho, ho!—a modest wish, surely, for one of your size! But, boys and girls, *your presents are to come last. You shall have them all in good time, but first comes what you are to do for me. And now I want you all to come near and listen very seriously, for I am going to tell you a sad, sad thing. (All gather about him with breathless attention; and after surveying them with a mournful shake of the head, SANTA CLAUS bends toward them and says solemnly:)* Santa Claus is growing old!

[They start back, surprised, and look at each other doubtfully a moment.

BOY BLUE (*bluntly*). Why, Santa Claus, we thought you always *were* old.

SANTA CLAUS (*feigning indignation*). Hey? what d'ye say? Always old, indeed! Who would have thought of such impertinence!

BO PEEP (*defending BOY BLUE*). I am sure your hair and beard have always been as white as they are now.

SANTA CLAUS. And what of that? My hair turned white when I was a mere stripling, just with the care and brain-fag of inventing new Christmas toys every year for all you boys and girls. But lately I have felt I am really growing old, because,—now, don't go telling this to everybody,—because I am not so spry as I used to be. It takes me a few minutes longer every year to make my rounds—which is *most* mortifying to my pride.

BOY BLUE. But there are more children and chimneys than there used to be, Santa Claus.

BO PEEP. And so many more toys for you to carry.

SANTA CLAUS (*delighted*). Why, bless your hearts, so there are! The lad is a well-spoken lad, after all. He 'll not be caught napping under a haystack or anywhere else again, I warrant you; and this little lady does n't go wool-gathering nowadays, I 'll be bound. Yes, there *are* more chimneys, and a heavier pack means a stronger back; and both my back and legs get a little shaky now at Christmas. Last year it took me the whole of January, tucked up in bed, to get over my jaunt on Christmas eve. And so, boys and girls, I have sent for you this year to help me do my work.

ALL. How? How?

BOY BLUE. Won't it be fun? Hurrah!

BO PEEP (*hurriedly*). What shall we do first? Where shall we begin?

SANTA CLAUS. Softly, softly. No hurry, no excitement! I have been all through the North, visited the Eskimos and the Frozen Northites —

JACK. Oh, Santa Claus, *do* tell us! *Who* lives at the North Pole, and how do you get there? There are so many people who want to know!

SANTA CLAUS. Oh, yes, I know all about your Pearys and your Nansens and your Andrées, and all who have tried to find the Pole since the days Kane was not able. Brave men they, but deluded — deluded. Now, you can just tell any one who would really like to know (*the boys have drawn near, attentively*), that I live at the North Pole, and I *never gossip about my neighbors!* And as for the way to get there, the only way to be *sure* of reaching the Pole is (*close attention again from the boys*) to go behind a team of reindeer *just* like mine; and *mine* are *not* for sale! (*Crestfallen looks while SANTA CLAUS wags his head triumphantly.*) Now, what I was about to say was this: you boys and girls are to go with me the rest of the way to-night, and help me distribute my pack — be so many feet and fingers for me.

ALL. What fun! Hurrah!

JACK. How will you take us all?

SANTA CLAUS. In my sleigh. Where there 's room for a million or more of Christmas gifts a few boys and girls won't count.

BOY BLUE. Hurrah! Where shall we go first?

SANTA CLAUS. We must finish the United States. There are all the coast towns to do, and a perfect grist of Sunday-schools in every one of them. We'll do those first. And I have laid up a special little store of presents for them here at Mother Hubbard's. Now, Mother Hubbard, if you have the key we will take a look into that cupboard of yours.

MOTHER HUBBARD (*advancing proudly and smilingly, key in hand*). Yes, the presents are in my cupboard, children. It is bare no longer. (*Throws open the door, and shows the shelves filled with parcels.*) What do you think of that?

SANTA CLAUS. Yes, what do you say to that? I say it 's worth a song.

JACK and JILL. A song! A song!

MISTRESS MARY. A song for Mother Hubbard!

MISS MUFFET. Let me join in the chorus.

SIMPLE SIMON. We 'll *all* sing — all of it — sharps, flats, accidentals, and all.

JACK HORNER. Sing it to *my* tune.

BO PEEP (*impatiently*). But have we time — have we time, Santa Claus?

SANTA CLAUS. Time? Let me tell you, my girl, when Santa Claus stops on Christmas eve, and just so long as he stops, all the clocks stop, too. They would n't dare get ahead of him that way.

BOY BLUE. All right, then. A song for Mother Hubbard, to Jack Horner's tune!

(See page 22, "Mother Goose Melodies.")

Old Mother Hubbard  
Goes to the cupboard  
To look for her Christmas store.  
She puts in the key,  
As proud as can be,  
And cries, "It is empty no more!"

SANTA CLAUS. Now all go and get your loads.

[They crowd about the cupboard, and MOTHER HUBBARD fills their arms with packages, books, boxes of candy, etc.

MISTRESS MARY (*during this distribution*). Another verse!

Old Mother Hubbard  
Shows us the cupboard,  
Full from the bottom to top.  
She loads all the boys  
And girls with her toys,  
Till they cry, "Mother Hubbard, pray stop!"

SANTA CLAUS. All out? All loaded? All ready? Then let us make for the sleigh. Form a line, youngsters. Sha'n't we have a jolly time! All down the coast — over to Europe — Asia — Isia — Osia, and Africa! What a night of it!

MOTHER HUBBARD. And where first?

SANTA CLAUS. First to (*here may be inserted a reference to the school or other company before which the play is presented*). Some of this special lot of bundles is for them. Forward, march!

MISTRESS MARY. One minute, boys! First a song for Santa!

BOY BLUE. Santa Claus forever!

JACK HORNER. Hurrah!

(See "Mother Goose Melodies," page 20. "Whittington for ever.")

Santa Claus for ever,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
Friend of the children,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

CURTAIN.

[Afterward SANTA CLAUS and his assistants descend among the audience and distribute the gifts prepared for them.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

KNOWLE, BOVEY TRACEY, S. DEVON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought that perhaps some of your readers would like to hear about some tadpoles that I kept for a while last summer.

I had several in a square glass aquarium, and I used often to spend some time watching them. One day, while I was looking at them, I noticed one tadpole come to a place on the glass which was rather thickly covered with the green slime which comes on the sides of an aquarium when the water is not often changed, and begin to feed eagerly. Presently he swam off to speak to a friend who was passing, and meanwhile another tadpole came and began to eat at the same place. The first tadpole saw him trespassing, and instantly left his friend and swam as fast as he could toward the second tadpole. Having come up to him, the first tadpole seized the other one by the under lip, dragged him off the patch of slime to the opposite side of the aquarium, and then returned to finish his meal.

I think this shows that tadpoles have characters both good and otherwise, just like other people. Certainly this one must have taken for his motto, "First come, first served"; and he carried it out, too, though it was very selfish!

Your devoted reader, MARJORIE N. GOULD.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Ever since I was a very little girl, before I could read, I used to take the ST. NICK (as I called it), and would carry it around under my arm; but now I am ten years old, and can read every word in it.

A few years ago, while in the country, a very funny thing happened which I thought I would like to tell my friends who read the ST. NICHOLAS.

One day my grandma, who wears little lace caps, washed a piece of fine, narrow lace and put it on the grass near the back porch to bleach and dry.

When she went to look for it she could not find it anywhere, and finally gave it up for lost; and now where do you think she found it in the fall? Near the porch was a large tree in which an old robin used to build her nest every year. One rainy, windy day in the fall I stood by the window, watching the rain and wind blow the boughs about, when I noticed that the robin's nest had blown down and lay by the side of the porch.

After the rain was over I went out and picked it up and brought it into the house, and when it was dry I was examining the fine workmanship when I discovered, woven in among the straws, something white which looked like some of grandma's silvery hair, but on closer investigation I found it was bits of lace, and at once the thought came to me, "This is grandma's lost lace!"

Was n't that a funny place to find the lace?

Your little friend, ELIZABETH B. ADAMS.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your delightful magazine ever since I could read, and that was when I was about seven. I am now thirteen, and I have nine nice big scarlet-bound volumes in my book-case.

We have been abroad twice. The first time I was so little I can't remember anything about it, but the last time was in 1895.

We traveled a good deal in France, Germany, Hol-

land, and Switzerland; but the country I enjoyed most was Switzerland. We went up Mount Rigi, and I would like to describe it to you. Unfortunately, it was a rainy day; but still we enjoyed it immensely. The side we went up was covered with a great many beautiful flowers. We would have liked to get out and get some, and I guess we could, the train went so slowly; but of course the guard would n't let us, so we could n't get any, because when we reached the top there was n't a flower to be seen anywhere.

The sides of the mountain had many beautiful cascades, leaping or falling from a great height.

When we reached the top it was pouring, but we went to the hotel (there is a very big one up there), and had our dinner. Then we got some souvenirs and prepared to come down. While descending the mountain it cleared, and we saw a most magnificent view. Below us was the lake (I forget the name), surrounded by high mountains, some snow-capped, with the city of Lucerne beyond. I can tell you it was fine!

But now I am afraid I am making my letter too long, although I would like to tell you more of our trip, and of my dog and pony; but I should like to see this letter printed *very*, very much.

I join, ST. NICHOLAS, with all your other readers who wish you long life and happiness, and remain ever your "ready reader,"

ANNIE L. JENNINGS.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your magazine more than a year, and am much interested in it. I read all the letters of the little friends with much pleasure.

I would like to have been at Ralph Emerson's cat party. Mama often tells me of her old white cats "Tip" and "Dick," who weighed sixteen pounds each, and lived to be sixteen years old. I wonder if any of the papas or mamas of the little readers of ST. NICHOLAS know the old Van Fleet white cats of Michigan?

We drive our "Black Beauty" with a check-rein (not an over check); but it does not hurt him, for he holds his head very high.

I was nine years old in June. Your little friend,  
LOUISE MANSFIELD COWDERY.

PINEHURST, WEST PERTH,  
WEST AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am fourteen years old, and have taken ST. NICHOLAS for only a little while, but I think it is a lovely magazine. I think I like reading the "Letter-Box" best, especially the letters from Australia, although I have never seen one from West Australia.

On Monday morning my sister Dolly and I walked out with some of our friends to the Karakatta encampment. It is about four miles out of Perth, and all the volunteers of West Australia camp out there at Easter for a few days. We had our lunch, and then we went over to the camp. It looked very pretty, with all the white tents dotted about, and one large green one for the governor. We watched them drill, and then they took down their tents, as they were all going home that day; and then the soldiers were picked who were going to England for the celebration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. We came back by train, and instead of six be-

ing in our compartment, there were twenty! The train was simply packed, but all the same it was fine fun.

I remain your affectionate reader,

D. COURTHOPE.

REDCLIFFE, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I should like to write and tell you how our dog "Mac" saved our kitten from being drowned. One day my little brother Donald was walking by the mill-stream that runs close to our house, with our little kitten in his arms. It somehow struggled from him and fell in the water. Donald called loudly for help, and soon Basil, our eldest brother, came rushing up; but before he could reach the spot Mac came bounding to him and plunged into the stream, soon returning, with the kitten in his mouth, to land. For days after the little thing was too ill to move, but it finally got well, and has now grown into a fine cat. It is very devoted to Mac, and he to it. Roy, to whom the dog belongs, prizes Mac more than ever; and the other day a friend of his offered him £5 for the dog, but he did not take the offer, so proud was he of Mac's bravery.

My brothers Francis and Vivian and myself have taken St. NICHOLAS for three years, and think it very interesting.

Yours faithfully,

CLIFFORD-KING.

A CORRESPONDENT from New England has a pleasant suggestion to make about the article on "Bugle Calls," published in St. NICHOLAS about a year ago:

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You published, a year or so ago, in your periodical the "Bugle Calls," prettily illustrated, and our children have used them with so much satisfaction that I want to suggest that the calls might be used by other families.

When gathering for any meal, throw open the parlor to the dining-room and let some one open the piano and play the call for meals, and another accompany the call by the humorous ditty that accompanies it. Children never tire of it. You will be surprised to see how much and how long it will be enjoyed.

Yours very truly,

S. G. BUCKINGHAM.

SOUTHINGTON, CT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few weeks ago a boy took his grandfather's horse, and we went to ride. The horse used to be a racer, and so we thought we would try him in the trotting-park. I went in the judges' stand to ring the bell for them to start. When the horse started he went so fast that the boy thought he was running away, and he tried to stop him, but could not. It is a half-mile course; and when he came around once he kept on to make out the mile. When he came in at last he whinnied, because he liked it so much. It was great sport for all of us.

Your friend,

HOMER C. NEAL.

CANDES, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are Americans living in Paris. I am a little girl ten years old, and I have two brothers, aged thirteen and six, and a sister of eight. We were all born in Antwerp except my sister. She was born in Italy. We have all been to America several times for a visit.

We are spending our vacation in Candes—a quaint little French village situated at the junction of the rivers Loire and Vienne. We all have bicycles, and the roads here are fine for cycling. We have two boats, and we enjoy sailing and rowing very much, also fishing and bathing. But our greatest pleasure is with our little donkey. His name is "Kiki." We often go out for rides in his little cart and on his back. While we are seated at the table eating he likes to come in the dining-room, and go from one to the other begging for bread, sugar, or fruit. He is very gentle, and is careful not to bite us. He is our dearest pet. Besides him we have two dogs and a lot of birds.

We speak English at home, French in school, and German with our German maid.

We have taken you for five years. We have no time to read during school months, so we save you up until vacation, when we take turns reading aloud, and in that way you help us in learning English. We were very much interested in "The Last Three Soldiers" and in "Miss Nina Barrow."

We have two months' vacation; and when the schools begin, early in October, our happy vacation comes to an end. Your little friend,

ANNA WELLES.

KOKSILAH, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have never seen a letter in your paper from so far west, so we thought you might like to hear from us.

Indians live all around Koksilah; and in winter they have large dances in the ranches. Sometimes they allow you to watch them. I went to a large one two years ago. The ranch is one large room with an earth floor, and in the middle they had six huge fires. The Indians sat all around, and wailed and beat bones on boards; then an Indian got up and danced all in and out of the fires. It is a very pretty dance. Sometimes they keep up a dance for three days without stopping.

We go out camping every summer, at the foot of some of the hills close by our ranch. We live forty-seven miles from Victoria. We ride and drive a great deal here. I have a pony and cart, and Evelyn has a bicycle. We enjoy you so much, and do not think we could get on without you. My favorite story was "Lady Jane"; and Evelyn liked "Decatur and Somers."

Hoping to see this in print, we remain ever your loving readers,

EDITH M. D.—and EVELYN F. T.—.

HEIDELBERG, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like to hear about some of my experiences during my trip abroad.

I live in New York, and came over to Italy, landing at Naples. We stayed at Gibraltar for about four hours. It was very interesting. We saw the Cameron Regiment of Highlanders. They are very funny with part of their legs bare. Even the officers wear this costume. I saw the Governor-General. I saluted him, and he saluted me in return. The streets in the old part of the town are very narrow. You see a lot of Arabs walking around in them.

Naples is very interesting. All the horses are very little, like ponies, and the carriages are the same. The drivers snap their whips all the time, so that it is very noisy. I think it is more noisy than New York. We went in a big boat from Naples to an island named Capri. We went around to a side of the island where there were cliffs, in front of which we stopped. We saw

a lot of little boats, with men rowing them, crowd around the ship. We got into one of these—they held only two passengers—and rowed toward the cliff. As we came nearer we saw a hole low down in the cliff that was covered up with water when a big wave came. We were going in this hole. When we went in we had to lie down in the bottom of the boat because the hole was only about three feet high. When we got in, it was a big cave, and everything was a very light blue, the water and the rocks. We could see the hole where we came in, and see the big waves come rushing in. We had to try two or three times to get out, because each time the waves washed us in again. The name of the cave is the "Blue Grotto."

In Amalfi, a town near Capri, all the boys wear long trousers, or have bare legs. When I went out with short trousers, they followed me all around, and all the people stared at me.

We went to Pompeii, which was very interesting. There are a lot of little green and brown lizards there; it is very funny to chase them.

We were in Rome at the time when a man tried to kill the king. I saw the king and queen very often. There are a lot of peasant children who sell flowers, and stand as models for artists. I used to spin tops with them.

In Florence I saw a lot of Italian soldiers. One kind had a big bunch of cock's feathers on their hats. They are the fastest marching soldiers in Europe. They say that a great many of them die, they have to march so fast.

In Venice, there are a lot of pigeons in St. Mark's Square. They are very tame—so tame that, if you stand still, they will fly up and light on one of your hands and eat out of it. I had six on one arm at once. There were two very interesting ships in the harbor; one was the American cruiser "Minneapolis," and the other was the king of Siam's ship. We went on board the Minneapolis, and it was very nice to see all the jack-tars. We went past the Siamese ship in going to our cruiser, and I wrote down its name: it is "Maha Chakrri." I cannot pronounce it,—can you? I saw the king of Siam on the Grand Canal afterward. He is very short and looks like a Japanese, but is darker. When any of the Siamese sailors went ashore they were followed by a great crowd of Italians looking at them.

In our house in Lucerne, Switzerland, there was a very funny dog. His mouth and tongue were all black, just like his fur. He looked very funny when he sat with his tongue out. His name was "Chow-Chow."

At Grindelwald I climbed up a glacier with a guide. He had a rope around my waist and the other end was around his. He and I both had sticks with an ax on the end; one side was shaped like an end of a pickax. He cut places in the ice for us to put our feet in, with his ax, while I waited. We had to walk on narrow planks over crevasses and on little sharp ridges with a crevasse on each side. It was great fun.

In Germany we have seen a lot of storks' nests with storks in them, especially in Strasburg. There were a great many soldiers in Strasburg, too.

It is very nice here in Heidelberg. The castle is very beautiful, and the walks around the city are very pretty. Inside the castle there is a tremendous tun; there is a flight of stairs going up and a large platform on the top. I have been there. In the same room there is a clock with a handle on the bottom. If you pull this handle, the front of the clock opens and a fox-tail flies out and hits you in the face.

The students in the university here fight duels, and you see many of them with scars on their faces. I saw

a duel once; it was pretty bad. One man was cut on the forehead.

It was very funny on the Fourth of July not to hear any noise.

There are not many soldiers here compared with Strasburg; but you see a regiment marching through the streets very often. When the soldiers have a band you always see a crowd of small boys marching along in front—the same way they do in America.

When a ST. NICHOLAS comes my cousin and I take turns in reading the continued stories. We are greatly delighted when it comes.

Your interested reader,

RICHMOND LENNOX BROWN.

#### THE SEASONS.

A LITTLE girl asked me one day last fall —  
Which time of the year I loved best of all.

I looked at the trees, all dressed in gold,  
"And sure it is autumn," that I told.

But the winter came with the pure white snow,  
And "It's winter, now quite surely I know!"

Then spring came, when all things awake from their  
rest,  
"Now it's flowers and spring time, I love the best!"

The summer came with all things bright,  
And "I'm sure it is summer I love best to-night."

But I thought, on the morrow, of months gone by —  
And which one I loved best, and wondered why —

And now I know surely the time I love best,  
For it's summer, and winter, and then—all the  
rest!

SADIE KING SMITH (11 years old).

#### LONGWOOD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps some of your readers would like to hear about our kitty and a little squirrel.

Where I live there are a great many gray squirrels. We have a cat we call "Mr. Kit"; and he likes to play with them. One morning when we were at breakfast a little squirrel jumped upon the window-sill, and looked in at the window. I went upstairs and brought Kit down; but the squirrel did not jump down; instead of that he put his nose right against the window, and Kit did the same, and they looked at each other through the glass. So I let Kit out, and they played together for a long while; then I let the squirrel in, and he curled up on my sister's bed and slept until dinner-time.

Your interested little reader,

ALICE BOIT.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received: Hazle and Bessie Raynor, Kendall Morse, Lucille Owen, Leigh Gibson Newell, Mary Fitzgerald, Myrtie Cantrell, Leila Gifford, Tom Barry, Lidie Hurst Oliver, Edna Mason, Gwendolin Gilen, Dorothy Wells, Marion Polk Angellotti, Eunice Burton, William H. Zinser, Jr., Anna and Katharine Gardiner, Marion Grace Allison.



# THE RIDDLE BOX

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

**MISSING WORDS.** Christmas, chill, hill, rill, ill, still, thrill, mill, achill, shrill.—**RIDDLE.** Cubit.

**HIDDEN GENERALS.** 1. Napoleon. 2. Wellington. 3. Sherman. 4. Raglan. 5. Sheridan. 6. Taylor. 7. Gordon. 8. Grant. 9. Burnside. 10. Hancock.

**PROS. AND CONS.** 1. Progress, congress. 2. Produce, conduce. 3. Protract, contract. 4. Provocation, convocation. 5. Profec-tion, confecton. 6. Project, con-ject. 7. Product, conduct. 8. Pro-fess, confess. 9. Protest, contest. 10. Profuse, confuse.

**CHARADE.** St. Nicholas.

**CENTRAL ACROSTIC.** Centrals, Edison. **CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Fresh. 2. Order. 3. Swift. 4. Vesta. 5. Sloth. 6. Ounce.

**ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.** Brooks (Phillips). 1. But-terfly. 2. Rose. 3. Orange. 4. Orchid. 5. King. 6. Star.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from M. McG.—"Buffalo Quar-tette"—Josephine Sherwood—Stanley and the "Freak"—Louise Ingham Adams—Willoughby B. Dobbs—Katharine S. Doty—H. A. R.—"Four Weeks in Kane"—Class No. 19—Paul Reese—"Bessie Thayer and Co."—Tom and Alfred Morewood—Grace Edith Thallon—Two Little Brothers—Paul Rowley—Alil and Adi—Belle Miller Waddell—Nessie and Freddie—"Merry and Co."—Mabel M. Johns—C. D. Lauer and Co.—Sigourney Fay Nininger.

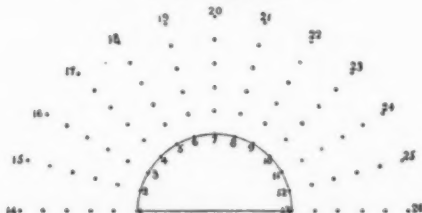
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from B. B. B., 1—Frederic Giraud Foster, 2—C. Shreve, 1—Marian J. Homans, 9—William K. Dart, 2—"Anonymous Three," 3—W. L., 9—"The Trio," 10—Daniel Hardin and Co., 9—No name, Hackensack, 9—"Brownie Band," 10—"The Kids," 6—"Butterflies," 6—"Three Friends," 2—E. H. R., 8—K. B. E. T., 7—Estelle Feldstein, 9—Theodora B. Dennis, 6—William C. Kerr, 9—Fred Kelsey and Roger Hoyt, 10—Made-leine, Mabel and Henri, 10—Kent Shaffer, 1.

### DIAMOND.

1. In candy. 2. To injure. 3. Virtuous. 4. A company of pilgrims. 5. Uttered in frenzy. 6. A boy. 7. In candy.

"CLASS NO. 19."

### "SUN" PUZZLE.



FROM 14 TO 1, twin sons of Jupiter, whose sanctuary was an asylum for runaway slaves; from 15 to 2, the sun-god of Homer; from 16 to 3, a mixture of honey, water, vinegar, and spice, boiled to a syrup; from 17 to 4, one of Dido's names; from 18 to 5, the "Athens of America"; from 19 to 6, in Norse mythology, the dwell-ing-place of a giant; from 20 to 7, a brilliant Roman gen-eral; from 21 to 8, was crowned Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire in 896 A. D.; from 22 to 9, one of the Pleiades; from 23 to 10, daughter of the river-god Ce-bren; from 24 to 11, an evergreen shrub consecrated to Apollo; from 25 to 12, one of the sons of Demaratus; from 26 to 13, the principal Egyptian god.

FROM 14 TO 26, the sun-god, one of the greatest divini-ties of the Greeks; from 1 to 13, his birthplace.

M. B. CARY.

### RHOMBROID.

READING ACROSS: 1. Celtic minstrels. 2. Virtuous. 3. A kind of cat. 4. Subject to a penalty. 5. A long strip of leather.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart,  
Fall asleep, or hearing, die."  
KING HENRY VIII. Act III. Sc. 1.

**WORD-SQUARES.** I. 1. Stand. 2. Taper. 3. Apple. 4. Nella. 5. Dream. II. 1. Horse. 2. Omaha. 3. Razor. 4. Short. 5. Earth.

**DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.** I. 1. W. 2. Led. 3. Labor. 4. Webster. 5. Doted. 6. Red. 7. R. II. 1. E. 2. F. R. S. 3. Fesca. 4. Erakine. 5. Scion. 6. Ann. 7. E.

**CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.** Primals, Christmas; finals, Mistletoe. **CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Custom. 2. Hayti. 3. Restless. 4. Intent. 5. Signal. 6. Thence. 7. Market. 8. Apollo. 9. Shingle.

**DOWNWARD:** 1. In plumber. 2. A verb. 3. A fab-ulous bird. 4. To fall in drops. 5. Rescues. 6. A solemn season. 7. A seaman. 8. A musical tone. 9. In plumber.

FRED KELSEY AND ROGER HOYT.

### A CHRISTMAS NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-one letters. The answer to each question is given in the letters, represented by num-bers, which follow it.

1. What is the chilly season when right merry you hope to be?  
27-10-17-12-29-5.
2. And when the Christmas eve is here, what do you long to see?  
7-20-31-10-15-12-2-19-11-12-31-3-26.
3. How do you feel when your tasks are o'er, and the holiday time is here?  
8-16-23-22-28.
4. And what is the lovely emblem of this season of joy and cheer?  
11-12-30-4.
5. What do you hope in your stocking to find in a beautiful, bountiful horn?  
7-21-25-18-24.
6. How do you feel when, with shouts of glee, you welcome the Christmas morn?  
13-29-9-4-24.
7. And what is the day when your friends you meet, with wishes loving and kind?  
17-3-27-6-29-14-9-15-18-1-28.

Now put these letters together, and there our greet-ing sincere you 'll find.

J. S.

## WORD-SQUARES.

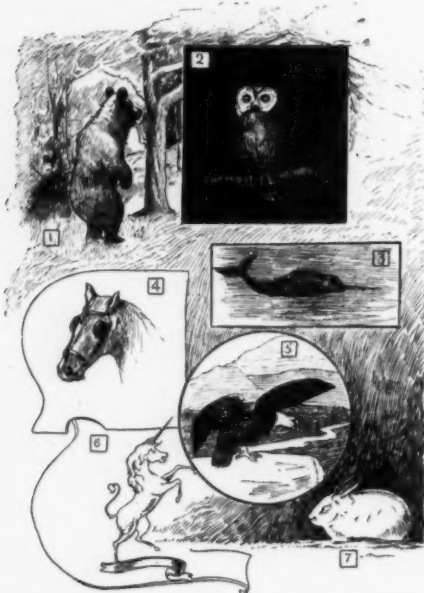
- I. 1. A FRUIT. 2. Comfort. 3. Requests. 4. Repose.  
 II. 1. Small, round masses of lead. 2. Rent. 3. A genus of trees including the olive. 4. A kind of wood.  
 III. 1. A young animal. 2. The century plant. 3. A deep trench around a castle. 4. Wagers.  
 IV. 1. A mound. 2. Surface. 3. Clean. 4. A feminine name.  
 V. 1. A narrow opening. 2. Crippled. 3. An augury. 4. A rude covering. **FREDERICK T. KELSEY.**

## CHARADE.

My *first* is very good indeed;  
 You like it with your eggs;  
 My *second* any child will use  
 When he a favor begs.  
 My *whole*,—a word of meaning double,  
 A prince's name who knew great trouble;  
 Also it means a village small,—  
 A few poor dwellings,—that is all.

J. M. JONES.

## ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



EACH of the seven small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous artist.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-nine letters, and form a couplet from Pope's "Essay on Man."

My 35-43-65-26-7-31-62-10 are hanging draperies. My 4-24-2-18-33-57-51-47 is an instrument to measure distance. My 1-63-5-44-27 is a nymph of paradise. My 22-29-66-41 is one alone. My 9-28-23 is a Spanish noble. My 69-67-3-19-53-30 is a wicked person. My

60-64-59 is a tint. My 15-34-56-40 is a season of the year. My 52-46-36 is a small animal. My 50-42-8-38 is an oil-stone. My 11-17-14 is an agricultural implement. My 48-16-61-37 is to believe. My 21-20-6-68 is the inner part. My 32-55-25-45 is to stumble. My 13-54-39-49 is a substance used in brewing. My 58-12 is an exclamation.

HELEN MURPHY.

## CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

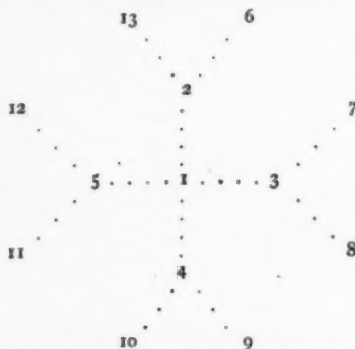
My primals and finals will bring to your mind  
 Two beginnings, the same, yet they differ, you find.

## CROSS-WORDS.

- Jack took up his music and warbled to Jill,  
 With a jerk in his voice which he thought was a trill.
- He thrummed and he strummed until Jill wondered  
 whether  
 The quavers and crochets had wrangled together.
- He sang of an arrow he 'd shot in the air,  
 Till the shivers ran down to the ends of her hair.
- Then he said: "Duty calls me; it beckons me on";  
 And she answered: "Don't shun it; you ought to  
 be gone."
- Without more ado he departed with speed,  
 Maliciously spurring his dapple-gray steed.
- He crossed the Atlantic, and later Jill heard  
 That he sang to the Prussians and French like a  
 bird.
- And when Kenyon de Ruyter from Europe comes  
 back,  
 Then Jill will need glasses to recognize Jack.

ANNA M. PRATT.

## THE MEETING OF THE WISE.



FROM 2 to 1, King of Pylos, renowned for his wisdom;  
 3 to 1, a man who was called by Jeffrey "The most  
 Shaksperian of our great divines"; 4 to 1, a great  
 American statesman; 5 to 1, the surname of "Fighting  
 Joe"; 13 to 2, one of the Seven Sages; 6 to 2, a great  
 philosopher of the Elizabethan period; 7 to 3, a very  
 famous author; 8 to 3, a celebrated satirist and man of  
 letters; 9 to 4, the author of the line, "The poetry of  
 earth is never dead"; 10 to 4, a great Scotch poet; 11  
 to 5, a great American tragedian; 12 to 5, the author of  
 our national hymn.

M. B. C.





COASTING IN CENTRAL PARK.